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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

FEBRUARY 1916

Two Poems	A. Mackintosh
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THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Failure of Sir Edward Grey	R. W. Seton-Watson
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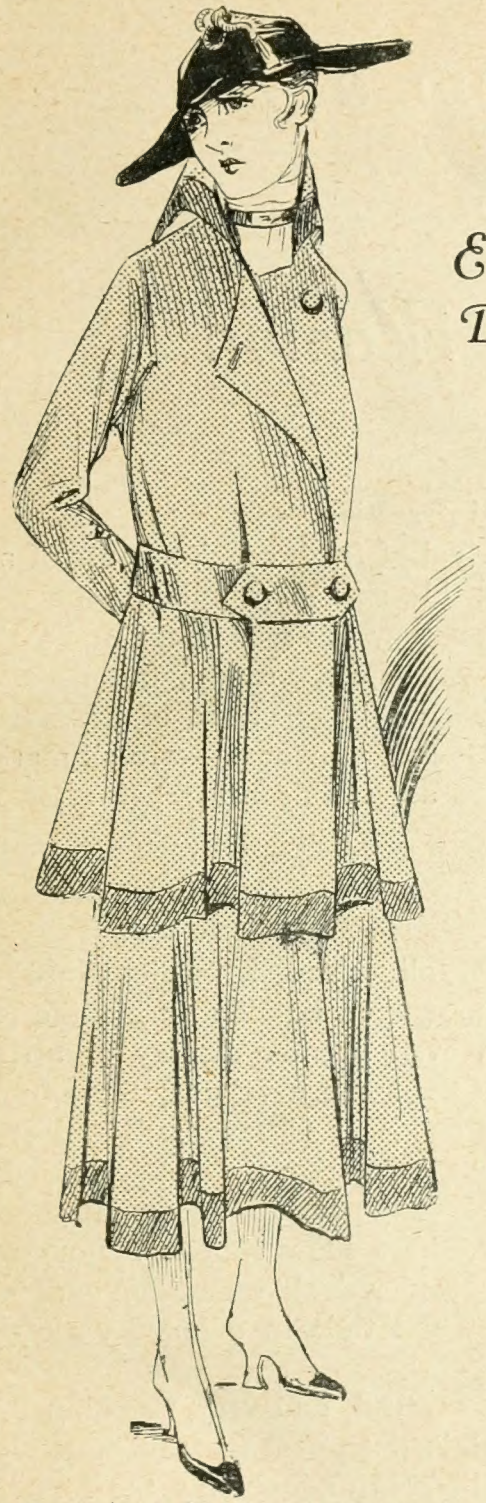

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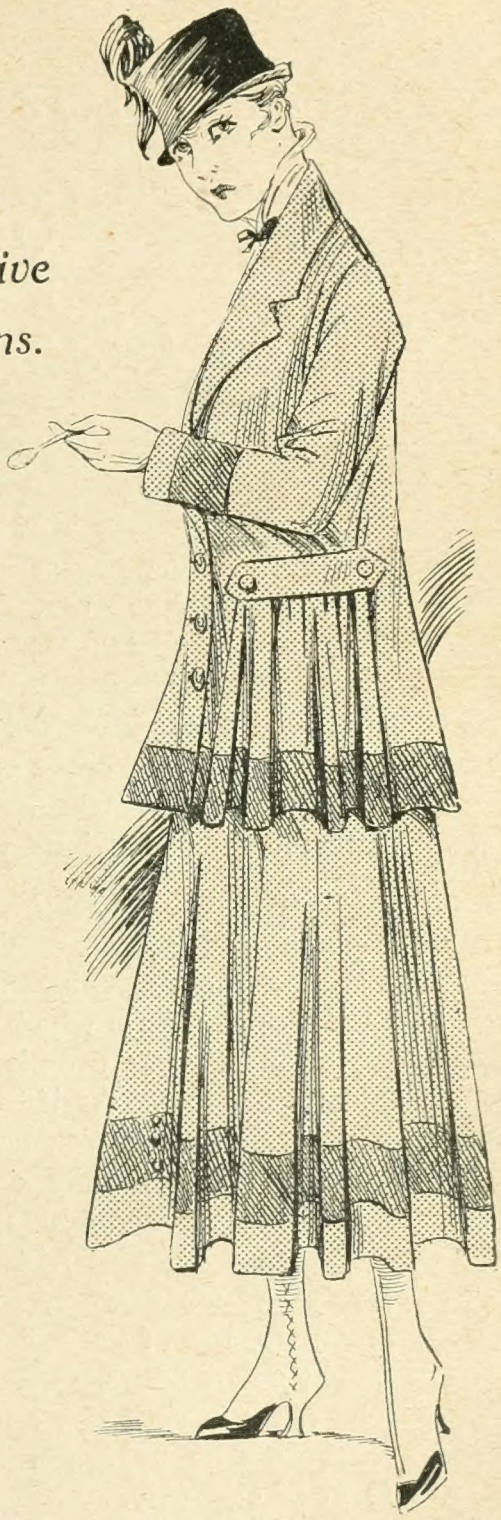

Coat and Skirt (*as sketch*), in very fine quality soft finished suiting serge, coat and skirt cut on very full, becoming lines, finished with wide silk braid. In navy and black.

Price **5½ gns.** Stocked in large sizes.

New Spring Suit (*as sketch*) in best quality suiting serge. Coat cut with fulness at sides and finished with silk braid. In navy and black.

Price **5½ gns.** Stocked in large sizes.

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

The present month is the most interesting from a sartorial point of view. Every day sees the arrival of fresh consignments of new fashions—and the new fashions this season promise to be more interesting and more artistic than they have been for some time past. Everything points this way—hats, dresses, tailor-mades, furs, and those hundred and one dainty etceteras of dress that constitute the wardrobe of the best-dressed women—are all marked by a picturesqueness that comes as a welcome relief after the distorted freak-fashions which were the outcome of the Futurist craze.

New Spring Millinery

¶ Perhaps the most interesting of all the new fashions are the model Spring hats which have burst upon London during the past fortnight, giving promise of an even greater display of artistic talent to follow. As if by magic the sombre velvets, the wintery beaver, and heavy felt hats have suddenly disappeared, and every window and millinery department throughout the West End is gay with new model hats made of straw, satin, and quaint granny silk hats a mass of frills; while others show shower bouquets of lovely French flowers, gaily embroidered silken bows, and high crowns made of embroidered net and tulle in a large variety of bright new colours.

The effect is very gay and very beautiful, and very tempting even to those who have sternly determined to practice the most rigid form of economy. Little hats still hold undoubtedly the foremost place, and become more and more popular each succeeding month. Perhaps the most popular model of all is the toque made of straw, low in front and so arranged that it mounts high behind.

Other hats of bigger proportions are the curiously becoming granny bonnets made of narrow silk frills, puffs, and pleatings, with high flower-pot crowns and deep, falling brims lined underneath with a tulle frill of light black lace.

Rumours from Paris

¶ From Paris one gets persistent rumours concerning the return to favour of the long skirt, one or two of the leading designers going so far as to whisper the word "trains" in connection with costumes for street wear; but so far no hint of such an inconvenient fashion is apparent in the advance tailor-made models for early Spring wear which have crossed the Channel and are on show in the big shops. Indeed, the new costume *tailleure* for 1916 is particularly trim and neat, and singularly free from eccentricities of any sort. The "leg of mutton sleeve" in a more or less marked degree gives it its official stamp of newness, and effectually prevents it being confused with its prototype of yesterday. There is also a distinct leaning for short neat coats that are slightly shaped to show the figure, while very special attention is being devoted to the question of basques. A new wing basque that flaps gracefully over either hip is a distinct innovation; while fancy hip basques of a different fabric are to be inserted on either side in an absolutely new and very becoming manner.

Skirts are still fairly short and full, the principle in those of to-morrow being noticeable in a quaint little frill effect which finishes off the somewhat high-waisted effect, while a distinct innovation that should not be lightly overlooked is a new fashion for slightly full hip yokes, from which the skirt hangs in even fuller pleats.

The Craze for Blouses and House Coats

¶ Blouses for wearing with these costumes are all important, and at Debenham and Freebody's one comes across a great many beautiful model blouses which show that those which are to be worn during the coming Spring and Summer will be far more elaborate than those we have grown accustomed to of late. Indeed, this season promises to see the triumph of the dressy blouse over the severe tailor-made shirt. Some of the best of the new models which are being shown at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's take the form of thin *ninon* or black *Georgette crêpe* mounted over underbodices of fine gold net, black and gold being quite one of the most favourite colour combinations this year.

COATS AND SKIRTS. COSTUMES. EVENING DRESSES

Hughes & Starnes

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BOND ST., W.

Telephone:
MAYFAIR 6873

There are also a great many ultra-elaborate coloured *crêpe de chene* and beautiful new cambric and *crêpe Georgette* blouses on view in these showrooms, where one also finds the new and elaborate house coat, which is the sensation of the present day and a fad amongst smart people.

Edinburgh as a Shopping Centre

¶ As the readers of the advertisement pages of this magazine may have observed, a very special feature is being made of Edinburgh as a shopping centre. As is well known, Edinburgh has long been the shopping centre *par excellence* for certain kinds of high-class goods—notably woollens of all sorts, and tweeds and sports attire for both men and women. Some of these specialities will be brought from time to time to the notice of readers of this REVIEW, who will do well to make a note of the several specialities advertised in these pages, which show such excellent value that they are hard to equal, let alone excel.

The New Weather Coats

¶ For instance, one would draw very special attention to the value of the Wylkedin weather coats for ladies supplied by Alexander Wilkie, of Shandwick Place, Edinburgh. Not only as regards fit and style are these slip-on rain- and sports- and travelling-coats particularly smart and up-to-date, but they are made of the beautiful hand-spun and hand-woven tweeds for which this firm is so noted, and which, while exceedingly light in weight, are far warmer and more comfortable to wear than anything else. The new weather coats are to be had in several styles and in a large variety of pattern tweeds, and the new sketches and sample patterns for 1916, which are of particular interest, will be sent post free to all who write for the same. Tailor-cut and tailor-made, these coats are invaluable as sports wraps, and they are a very great improvement, both as regards style and cut, on the ordinary uninteresting tweed coats that one sees as a rule for rough wear.

The Best Breakfast Food and Cakes

¶ The attention of the housewife is directed to the value of the well-known "P.R." breakfast food which is made by the Wallace "P.R." Foods Co., Ltd., Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London. This is a light, crisp, and most delicious substitute for porridge and other starchy cereals, which requires no cooking, and is especially recommended for young children and those who suffer from a weak digestion. Eaten with hot milk or cream it makes a very favourite dish for breakfast or luncheon, and cannot be too highly recommended. The same Company, who make a speciality of all kinds of digestible breads, biscuits, fancy scones, &c., made without yeast and without artificial egg substitutes of any kind, are supplying some delicious sultana and raisin, cherry and currant cakes which are in great request, as well as their iced fruit cakes, which are far more wholesome and digestible than any other kind. This firm issues a comprehensive leaflet concerning the virtues of their many specialities, which will be sent free to all who apply for it.

THE

DULCITONE

PATENT PORTABLE PIANO

NEVER REQUIRES TUNING.

Easily carried. Weight from 40 lbs.

With 4 Octaves, price **£16 10s.**
" 5 " " **£19 16s.**

Resists Extreme Climatic Conditions.

Mr. J. Ferguson, Cronalla, New South Wales, Australia, writing in June, 1915, says:

"The Dulcitone procured for us by Mr. H. G. J. Drew, of Westbury, Tasmania, has given us great satisfaction. We are particularly pleased with its sweet tone, also its portability. These qualities, with the superior finish of the Instrument, have been greatly admired by our friends."

Illustrated List free from Sole Makers:

THOS. MACHELL & SONS,
53, Great Western Rd., GLASGOW.

The Way to Save the Children's Teeth

is to let them have the delicious ready-to-use "P.R." Body-Building Breakfast Food and the "P.R." Body-Building Biscuits (of which there are 40 kinds) every day in place of soft, spongy, or mushy foods, and in place of white bread, and other impoverished over-starchy foods. By this means their teeth are made and kept strong and white, constipation, weakness and anæmia averted, and the misery and ill-health (not to speak of dentist's fees) which bad teeth bring are avoided. This is the commonsense way to save the children's teeth

and Your Own.

A BOX OF SAMPLES

with special booklet, "The Way to Save the Children's Teeth" and full particulars, post free, 9*d.*, or better still—for it enables a proper test to be made—we will send our special Trial Parcel of "P.R." Products, carriage paid in U.K., for **5/-**.

The WALLACE "P.R." FOODS CO. Ltd.
48, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N.

"BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut -
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Also Player's Navy Cut De Luxe (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. airtight tins at 1/6 and 3/-respectively

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—
MILD and MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf) 100-3/8; 50-1/10. MEDIUM 100-3/-; 50-1/7
Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P.611 Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

To Economise Coal

¶ Another item of interest to the householder are the "Devon" fires, which are just now of such particular interest owing to the fact that they effect a tremendous saving in the coal bill—a point of special importance at the present moment when fuel is so expensive. The "Devon" fires, which can be seen at the offices of Messrs. Candy and Co., Ltd., 87 Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., are most picturesque to look at, being designed to suit all forms of architecture and to match any scheme of colour decoration. Not only do they consume a very small quantity of coal, but they burn exceedingly slowly, so that nothing but a mere handful of ash and cinders remain; while the heat they throw out is quite extraordinary.

An Ideal Armchair

¶ The Oxford "Varsity" lounge chair is another household commodity that one would like to bring to the notice of readers who realise how difficult it is to procure a really comfortable and durable lounge chair at a moderate cost. Made of wicker with a long seat easily sloped back and upholstered in the very best materials, this particular chair was first introduced some thirty years ago and immediately became the favourite chair amongst the undergraduates at Oxford. Since then it has been supplied to thousands of homes throughout Great Britain and the Colonies, and is just now in great request for the furnishing of rest and recreation rooms which are provided for invalid officers or Tommies who have come back from the Front. Full particulars of this chair can be had from Messrs. William Baker and Co., manufacturers of library furniture, Oxford.

A Portable Piano

¶ For the furnishing of recreation rooms for wounded soldiers one also finds the new portable piano, the "Dulcitone," in great request; many people who cannot find space for a big piano and who cannot afford to go to much expense should be only too glad to avail themselves of this delightful little instrument, weighing only thirty pounds, never requires tuning, and is quite unaffected by climatic conditions. Put on the market in the first place as a piano for travellers, the "Dulcitone" is to be found to-day supplying a felt want on British warships, ocean liners, and yachts in all parts of the world, doing duty also in small recreation rooms, flats, and students' sitting-rooms, where it proves invaluable.

MARY MARSH.

When making inquiries or writing to the above-named firms kindly mention the ENGLISH REVIEW.

EDINBURGH

SCOTLAND'S GREAT CAPITAL

THE majority of people, even those who regularly visit Edinburgh, do not know this magnificent city in its true colours of to-day.

EDINBURGH is not solely a show place, nor a museum for historical relics. Edinburgh is a live city to-day, with big industries and many factories and large business undertakings, and Edinburgh will be still more important in this direction as time goes on.

THE present generation of commercial men who have the good fortune to be in Edinburgh have resolved to work for the future. This special advertising section is some little evidence of this. It has been got together by a few of Edinburgh's most enterprising business men.

I ASK that you will read each advertisement carefully, grasp the offers contained in each. Then, if you wish to know why Edinburgh offers unique advantages to a business man or a new industry, write to me personally, and I will supply the information.

G. E. WHITEHOUSE, 76, Hanover St., EDINBURGH

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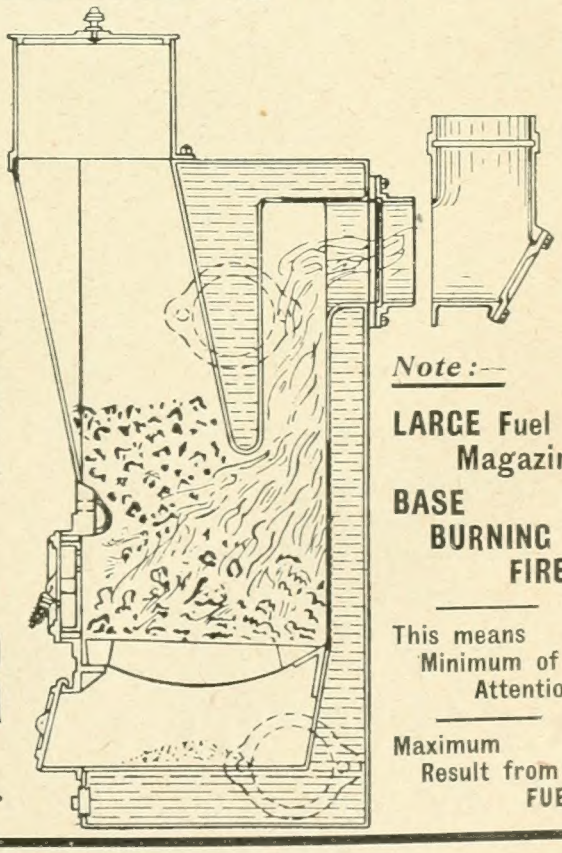
ARE YOU WASTING FUEL?

The cinders from your Kitchen fire combined with the very small dross pounded out of your Coal will heat a small house or supply ample HOT WATER to a **large one** when burned in a

WELDUN

CASTLE HEATER

Write for List and name of ***Nearest Dealer.***



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BASE BURNING FIRE!

This means Minimum of Attention.

Maximum Result from FUEL.

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AS MADE IN SCOTLAND

The most perfect combination undergarment in the market—scientifically shaped with a view to absolute ease and comfort. Scotch made underwear has long been famous for its excellence of quality and ideal system of manufacture.

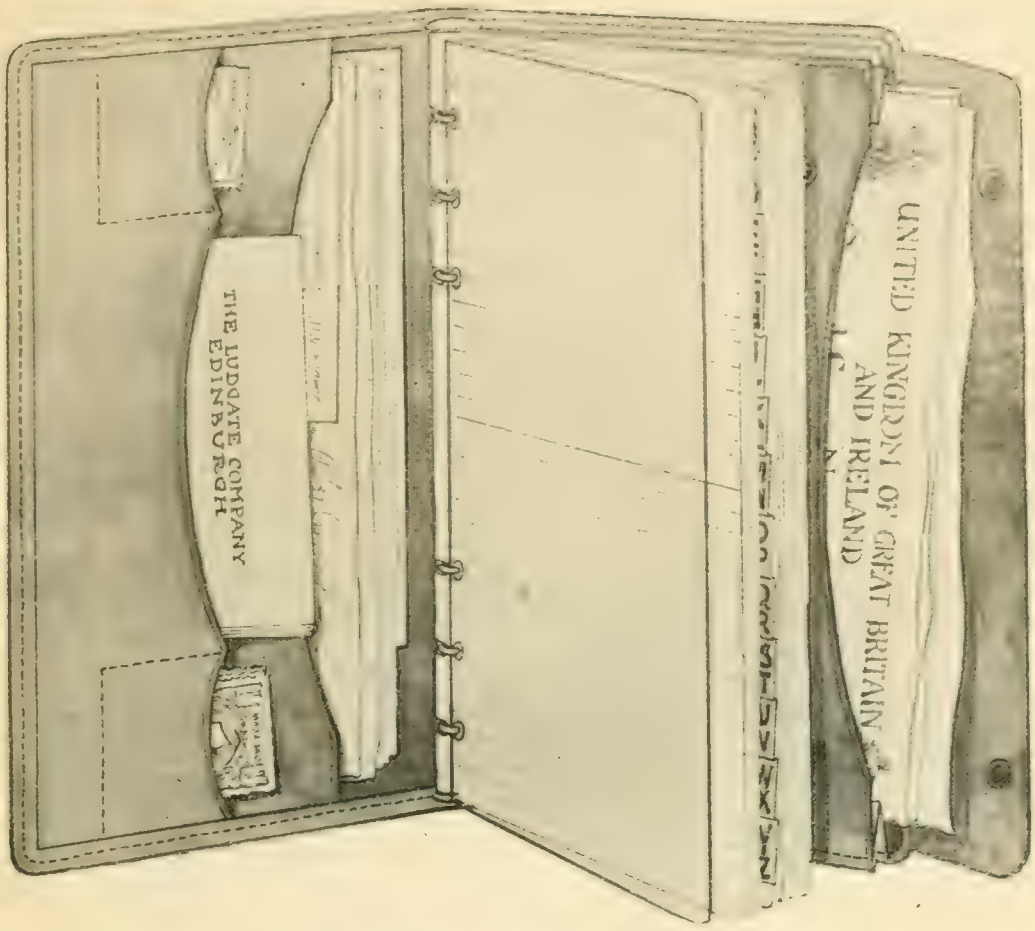
"Rex" Union Suits from 9/6

Price List with Patterns free, and direct supply from

GREENSMITH DOWNES & SONS

Hosiery Manufacturers, 143, GEORGE ST., EDINBURGH

Something Really Good



MEMO BOOK—*and almost everything else*

FOR a long time we have understood that there was a necessity for some article that would bring into one cover all the things a man carries about with him in paper form, which hitherto have necessitated a number of receptacles.

We have come very near it in the book shown in the above picture.

You will see that it is a memo book in the modern desirable loose leaf form, taking sheets $6\frac{3}{4}$″ by $3\frac{3}{4}$″, fitted complete with fifty sheets and a leather tabbed index, and those beautiful celluloid end sheets.

THEN in the case there are two pockets for stamps, one for cards, and a larger one for letters and private papers. On the other side we have introduced a special pocket to hold Treasury Notes. This pocket has a flap that comes over and holds the money safe even when the book is being used. There is no risk of losing the money, and you can always keep it in that safe inside coat pocket. If you do not carry money about with you, the pocket can be used for something else. We could say a lot about the quality and the mechanical part, but you no doubt know our standard.

The price, complete as shown—without the notes—bound in real morocco throughout and beautifully finished.

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Have you ever experienced that favourable impression caused by the receipt of a letter on really good stationery—a feeling which predisposes you in favour of the writer and the contents?

Have you ever wished you could find some day the paper which you *knew* at once was the kind you had been waiting for?

Of course you have.

Well, *we sell that kind of paper.*

One of our latest patterns is the "WARRISTON KID FINISHED VELLUM."

It is something really nice, made of pure materials, fashionable, and *with an unique surface.*

Only the right kind of stationer keeps it. We can send you samples by return.

George Waterston & Sons Ltd

Manufacturing Stationers and Printers

EDINBURGH

"Wylkedin" Weathercoats

A "Wylkedin" Weathercoat in Shetland Tweed at 4 Gns.

The 'Wylkedin' Weathercoats are manufactured by Alexander Wilkie in Edinburgh, from the well-known

SHETLAND TWEEDS

These Tweeds are the very finest productions of our Homespun Weavers. They are hand-spun and hand-woven, beautifully soft and warm, yet light in weight. For their fine qualities, and rich appearance they have been chosen for these 'Wylkedin' Coats.

The 'Wylkedin' Weathercoats are tailor-cut and made. They are lined in shoulders and sleeves with Satin, and the style and finish of each garment mirrors the touch of the tailor.

AGENTS ARE WANTED
in each town at home and abroad to stock the 'Wylkedin' Line of Coats.

The 1916 Samples, Patterns, and Sketches are now ready.
Write for them.

"Wylkedin" Weathercoats for Men in Shetland Tweed at 4 Gns.

ALEXANDER WILKIE, 55-57-59-61, SHANDWICK PLACE, **EDINBURGH.**

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THE popularity of my little magazine IMPRESSIONS is such that the vast majority of new subscribers ask for the complete file of back numbers. These I cannot supply. And it seems a pity to disappoint so many people and allow good things to die. Therefore I have published a book which contains all the best things which appeared in IMPRESSIONS during its first year, and other things besides.

This book is very nicely printed, in modern easy-to-read type. It is in standard octavo size, well-bound in stiff boards, covered in vellum cloth, and suitably lettered. It is not a bound volume of the magazine, but an entire re-set and reprint, all put together in the correct style. To distinguish this book from the magazine the title will read :—

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I AM acting as my own publisher because I know the value of this book better than anybody else. There is no other book like it in the English language. Most books are written to entertain, to instruct, to educate, or merely to theorise. My book is published to meet the wishes of people who like to see the things I write to please myself. Some of these people came on the scene too late to get them in the magazine. This is their opportunity. Others who have had the magazine will gladly pay the price to have the book so that they can preserve it.

THE demand for this book will be bigger than some people think. After carefully calculating my prospective purchasers I reached a respectable figure. Then I multiplied this by four and placed the order for the printing. When the quantity is sold there will be no more. There will be no reprint. Some day this, my first book, will be a prize among business men. Be sure you get one of them. The contents are such that you need not sit down and read the book like you read a novel. Pick it up any time, start anywhere, and the interest is just the same. That is one of its chief points.

THE PRICE OF THE BOOK IS HALF-A-CROWN, BUT—
HERE IS THE WAY TO GET ONE FREE

MY little magazine IMPRESSIONS appears every month, and deals in an individual and interesting way with business and with life. I write the whole of it myself. There is no other publication like it. The subscription price is 5/- a year. To all new subscribers I will include a free copy of the book mentioned above. I return the money to those who say they are disappointed. Nobody has yet.

G. E. WHITEHOUSE, 76, Hanover St., EDINBURGH

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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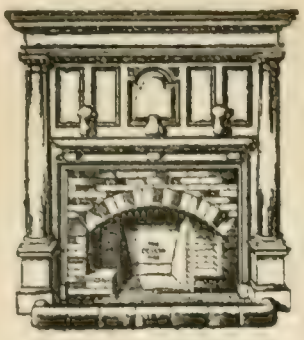

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Home will be more home than ever this winter—it's the safest place. See to it that you enjoy true fireside comfort. Make every room cosy and warm. Have "Devon" Fires installed and know that a really jolly fire is certain whatever the weather, whatever the wind. They throw out an intense heat, take but little fuel and burn steadily and cheerfully until nothing but a few cinders and ash remain. For warmth, for cleanliness, for economy, for saving of labour, and for beauty of design select

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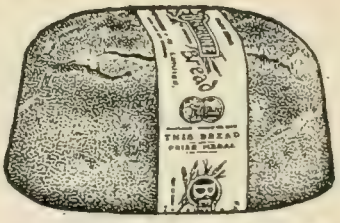

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Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for name of nearest Bermaline Baker

Try a

COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

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A book which will charm and delight all lovers of Italy.

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The story deals with a period two years after the war, and it foreshadows the astounding changes which the decimation of our young men must entail on the social life of England and on women in particular.

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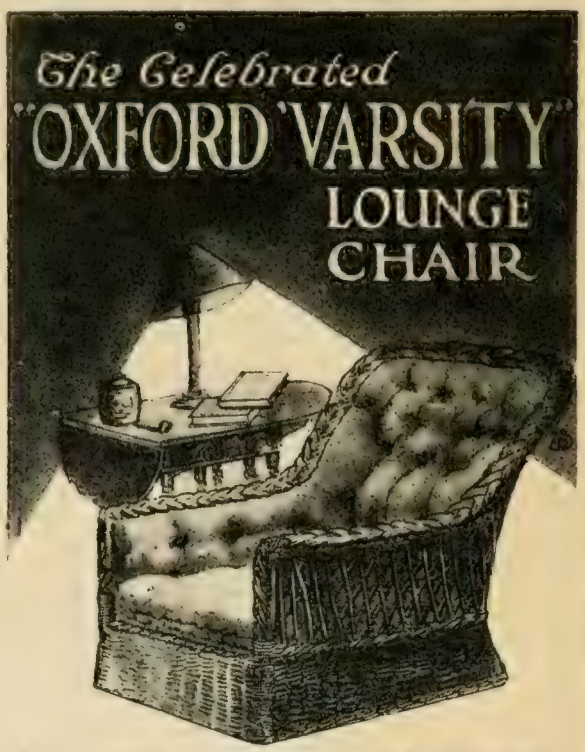

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1916

Clytemnestra

By A. Mackintosh

OUT of the drinking cup,
Out of my own hearth-fire,
The taint of blood goes up,
The scent of the burning pyre.
When the feasters' shout is high,
Or the spinning maidens sing,
I hear the dead man's cry,
The dead who was my king.

For this is an ageless thing,
And the blood runs fresh again
In the cleansing draught from the spring,
And the storéd wine I drain.
And the joyous marriage-song,
And the drinking-song at the board
Is the voice that sobbed so long
In the agony of my lord.

Oh, dark stern face of him
I wedded and could not love,
Oh terrible eyes grown dim,
And torn black hair above,
Oh hands so strong in fight
So weak in the folding net,
Dead feet that by day and night
Follow the slayer yet,

Lo I am drawing near
To the door of the house of death.
Must I for ever hear
The sound of the labouring breath?
Must I for ever see
The murdered body lie,
And on my own roof-tree
The blood that will not dry?

Ecclesiastes

Oh vanity of vanities,
And following of wind
Through the dim avenues and deep
Abysses of the mind,
When will our ears be deaf at last,
When will our eyes be blind?

Oh vanity of vanities,
And lighter than the air,
And restless hearts unsatisfied
With searching everywhere,
When will the restless heart be still,
And loosened from its care?

Oh vanity of sorrowing,
And emptiness of mirth,
And wandering fires of thought in clay
Imprisoned at our birth,
When will the wandering fires go out,
And earth return to earth?

To the Mother-Heart

By Theodore H. van Beek

The little boy who followed you all day
With brave uncertain feet, and babywise
Caught at your skirt to smile up in your eyes—
Oh! mountains high—till in your arms he lay;
The little boy for whom the heart will pray
In vain when the light fades from evening skies—
The mother-heart that bleeds but never dies
Tho' all things fail, tho' all things pass away;

The little roguish boy—ah! who could tell
From this, this shattered heap of bloody clay,
Vested in martial rags, and where it fell
Reeking its execration to the skies,
The little boy who followed you all day
And smiled into your face with angel eyes?

The Story of My Books

By Edward Carpenter

The fate of my books has been interesting—at any rate to myself! Leaving aside *Narcissus and Other Poems*, and *Moses: a drama*—which were written in early days at Cambridge, and were only, so to speak, exercises in literature and efforts to vie with then-accepted models—*Towards Democracy*, of course, has been the start-point and kernel of all my later work, the centre from which the other books have radiated. Whatever obvious weaknesses and defects it may present, I have still always been aware that it was written from a different *plane* from the other works, from some predominant mood or consciousness superseding the purely intellectual. Indeed, so strong has been this feeling that, though tempted once or twice to make alterations from the latter point of view, I have never really ventured to do so; and now, after more than thirty years since the inception of the book, I am entirely glad to think that I have not.

It is a curious question—and one which literary criticism has never yet tackled—why it is that certain books, or certain passages in books, will bear reading over and over again without becoming stale; that you can return to them after months or years and find entirely new meanings in them which had escaped you on the first occasion; and that this can even go on happening time after time; while other books and passages are exhausted at the first reading and need never be looked at again. How is it possible that the same phrase or concatenation of words should bear within itself meaning behind meaning, horizon after horizon of significance and suggestion? Yet such undoubtedly is the case. Portions of the poetic and religious literature of most countries, and large portions of books like *Leaves of Grass*, the *Bhagavat Gita*, Plato's *Banquet*, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, have this inexhaustible germinative

quality. One returns to them again and again, and continually finds fresh interpretations lurking beneath the old and familiar words.

I imagine that the explanation is somewhat on this wise: That in the case of passages that are exhausted at a first reading (like statements, say, of church doctrine or political or scientific theory) we are simply being presented with an intellectual "view" of some fact; but that in the other cases in some mysterious way the words succeed in conveying the fact itself. It is like the difference between the actual solid shape of a mountain and the different views of the mountain obtainable from different sides. They are two things of a different order and dimension. It almost seems as if some mountain-facts of our experience *can* be imaged forth by words in such a way that the phrases themselves retain this quality of solidity, and consequently their outlines of meaning vary according to the angle at which the reader approaches them and the variation of the reader's mind. None of the outlines are final, and the solid content of the phrase remains behind and eludes them all. Anyhow, the matter is a most mysterious one; but as a fact it remains, and demands explanation.

I have felt somehow with regard to *Towards Democracy* that—while my other books were merely subsidiary, and mainly represented "views" and "aspects"—this one (with all its imperfections) had that central quality and kind of other-dimensional solidity to which I have been alluding. And my experiences in writing it have corroborated that feeling.

I have spoken elsewhere about the considerable period of gestation and suffering in my own life which preceded the birth of this book; nor were its troubles over when it made its first appearance in the world. The first edition, printed and published by John Heywood, of Manchester, at my own expense, fell quite flat. The infant showed hardly any signs of life. The Press ignored the book or jeered at it. I can only find one notice by a London paper of the first year of its publication, and that is by the old sixpenny *Graphic* (of August 11th, 1883), saying—not without a sort of pleasant humour—that the phrases are "suggestive of a lunatic Ollendorf, with stage directions," and ending up with the admission that "the book is truly mystic,

wonderful—like nothing so much as a nightmare after too earnest a study of the Koran!" The *Saturday Review* got hold of the *second* edition, and devoted a long article (March 27th, 1886) to slating it and my socialist pamphlets (*Desirable Mansions*, etc.) as instances of "the kind of teaching which is now commonly set before the more ignorant classes, and which is probably accepted in good faith by not a few among them. A haphazard collection of fallacies, to which the semblance of a basis is given by half-a-dozen truisms, flavoured by a little Carlylese, or by diluted extracts of Walt Whitman . . . such is the compound which 'cultivated' Socialism offers as a new and saving faith to the working classes, and of which the works before us offer a good example." Then follow severe comments on my absurd views about usury and the manners and customs of the rich, and finally a long quotation from *Towards Democracy*, of which book the writer says: "And this sort of thing goes on through two hundred and fifty pages, the blank monotony of which is only relieved here and there by a few passages which it would be undesirable to quote, and which it is not wholesome to read."

The London Press—when it did deign to notice my work—followed the same sort of lead; and it was left (as usual) to comparative outsiders to make any real discovery in the matter. Curiously enough, a very young man (George Moore-Smith), in a long article in the *Cambridge Review* of November 14th, 1883, led the way in drawing serious attention to the first edition. Havelock Ellis also dug it out of a second-hand bookshop. The *Indian Review* (Wm. Digby) of May, 1885, had a remarkably sympathetic and intelligent notice of the second edition, and I owe much to my friend W. P. Byles's introduction of the book to Northern readers through the *Bradford Observer* (of March 19th, 1886).

With the third edition (1892) a certain amount of timid acknowledgment set in. Notices in a few more or less well-known papers were friendly, though brief and cautious, as with a scent of danger. The fourth and complete edition did not appear till ten years later (1902), and by that time the book had established itself. It had ceased to demand Press appreciations, favourable or otherwise; and so the critics—*very luckily for themselves*—escaped, and

have escaped, without ever having had to give any sort of full pronouncement or verdict on the book!

To return to the first edition. I only had 500 copies printed; but at the end of two years, when I had gathered material enough for a second edition, there were still a hundred or so of these on hand. All the same I did not feel any serious misgiving. I caused 1,000 copies to be printed of the second edition (260 pp.), sent them round to the Press again, and waited. This was in 1885. If anything, the reception accorded was worse than before—in a sense worse, because there was more of it! By 1892—when I needed to print a third edition—only some 700 copies of the second edition had gone: seven hundred in seven years! The prospects were not good, yet I did not feel depressed. I had certainly not expected any great sale; and there were even signs of improvement. My *other* books were beginning to attract a little attention. It was obviously also hard on this book to have it published in Manchester. So I determined to go to London. There was no possible chance of getting a publisher there to take it as his own speculation; so I went to Mr. Fisher Unwin and asked him to print at my expense and sell it on commission—which he naturally was quite willing to do. The book had now grown to 368 pp., and its price had to be raised from *2s. 6d.* to *3s. 6d.;* but its sales actually improved, and for two or three years ranged at about 200 copies a year. I began to think it was just possible that my little bark would navigate itself, that it would float out on deeper waters and into the world-current; when something disastrous happened which left it in the shallows for quite a few years longer.

That something was the Oscar Wilde trial or trials, which took place in the spring of 1895; but to understand how they affected *Towards Democracy* I must go back a little. Early in 1894 I started writing a series of pamphlets on sex questions—those ordinary questions of Love and Marriage which at that time were generally tabooed and practically not discussed at all, though they now have become almost an obsession of the public mind. As pamphlets of that kind would have no chance with the ordinary publishers, I got them printed and issued by the

Manchester Labour Press—a little association for the spread of Socialist literature, on the committee of which I was. The Pamphlets were *Sex-love*, *Woman*, and *Marriage*; and they sold pretty well—three or four thousand copies each. Encouraged by their success I began early in 1895 to put them together, and add fresh matter to them, till I had a book ready for publication—which I afterwards entitled *Love's Coming-of-Age*. This book I offered to Fisher Unwin (as he was already selling *Towards Democracy*) and he accepted it—undertaking to produce the book himself and give me a fair Royalty.

But meanwhile the agitation with regard to the Wilde affairs increased. Wilde himself was arrested in April, 1895, and from that moment a sheer panic prevailed. Fisher Unwin refused to continue the production of the proposed book. He thought it too dangerous (though, as a matter of fact, it contained no reference to Wilde and his views); and not content with that he finally went so far as to turn *Towards Democracy* out of his shop! I felt sorry for his perturbation and quite understood some of its causes; but the matter was naturally very inconvenient for me. Thus my two books, *Towards Democracy* and *Love's Coming-of-Age*, like two poor little orphans, were now both out on the wide world again; and I had to consider what to do with them.

For the moment I will go on with *Love's Coming-of-Age*. Being routed by Fisher Unwin, I went to Sonnenschein, Bertram Dobell, and others—altogether five or six publishers—but they all shook their heads. The Wilde trial had done its work; and silence must henceforth reign on sex-subjects.* There was nothing left for me but to return to my little Labour Press at Manchester, and get the book printed and published from there—which I did, the first edition being issued in 1896.

It is curious to think that that was not twenty years ago, and what a landslide has occurred since then. In 1896 no "respectable" publisher would touch the volume, and yet by to-day the tide of such literature has flowed so full and fast that my book has already become quite a little old-fashioned and demure. But the severe resistance and

* I may say here that I never happened to meet Oscar Wilde personally.

rigidity of public opinion at the time made the volume very difficult to write. The readiness, the absolute determination of people to *misunderstand* if they possibly could, rendered it very difficult to guard against misunderstandings, and as a matter of fact nearly every chapter in the book was written five or six times over before I was satisfied with it.

Love's Coming-of-Age ought, of course (like some parts of *England's Ideal*), to have been written by a woman; but, though I tried, I could not get any of my women friends to take the subject up, and so had to deal with it myself. Ellen Key, in Sweden, began—I fancy about the same period—writing that fine series of books on *Love*, *Marriage*, *Childhood*, and so forth, which have done so much to illuminate the Western World; but at that time I knew nothing of her and her work.

My book circulated almost immediately to some extent in the Socialistic world, where my name was fairly well known; but some time elapsed before it penetrated into more literary and more "respectable" circles. One of the first signs of its succeeding in the latter direction took a rather amusing shape. I had, one day, to call upon a well-known London publisher (who was already publishing some of my books, though he had refused this particular one) on business, and having discussed the matters immediately in hand, he presently turned to me and inquired how my *Love's Coming-of-Age* was selling. I, of course, gave a fairly favourable account. "I think," said he in a somewhat chastened tone, "that perhaps we made rather a mistake in refusing some little time back to take it up. A Sunday or two ago I was at church [probably a Congregational or Unitarian Chapel], and the minister quoted a page or two from your book, and spoke very highly of it, and actually gave the published address and price, and all; and I saw quite a lot of people noting the references down." He paused, and then added: "Quite a good advertisement—worth thirty or forty copies, I daresay." I could not help smiling. No wonder he was sorry! But the story gave promise of better things to come.

In 1902 the said publishing firm was glad to take the book up and publish it on commission for me—which they (and their successors) have done ever since. And its sale

in England (though not phenomenal like that of the German translation) has, I must say, been very good.

To return to *Towards Democracy*. Considering its expulsion from Mr. Fisher Unwin's shop and the generally panicky condition of the book market in London, there seemed nothing to do but to return to Manchester and place it also in the hands of the little Labour Press for publication. The two thousand or so copies remaining in Unwin's hands were my property, and I had only to remove them to Manchester, get a new title-page printed, and have them issued from there. This I accordingly did, and in 1896 the Labour Press edition appeared—368 pp., the same as Fisher Unwin's. Naturally the Labour Press connection was not very favourable as regards circulation, and the price (3*s*. 6*d*.) was high for Socialist and Labour circles. The spread of the book remained slow—slower, of course, than it had been with Unwin, and hardly amounted to 100 copies a year.

This was bad; but worse remained behind. Somewhere early in 1901 the Labour Press—whose financial affairs had never been very satisfactory—went bankrupt! I knew, of course, what was pending; and as the stock of *Towards Democracy* belonged to *me*, and I knew that if left at the Press it would be in danger of falling into the creditors' hands, there was nothing left but to smuggle it away as soon as I could into some place of safe keeping. Mr. James Johnston, City Councillor, always a good friend, came to the rescue, and offered me storage room in his office. I hired a dray. And so one foggy day, with a good part of a ton of *Towards Democracy* on board—which I helped to load and unload—I jogged with the drayman through the streets of Manchester amid the huge turmoil of the cotton goods and other traffic. A strange load—and I never before realised how heavy the book was!

It lay there for some months, and then about July of the same year I made arrangements with Sonnenschein and Co. for them to sell the book on commission, and the stock was transferred into their hands. From that time its sales slowly went forward—from 100 or 150 per annum in 1902 to 800 or 900 in 1910, when the Sonnenschein business, and with it my book, passed into the hands of George Allen and Co. In 1902 the fourth part of *Towards*

Democracy, i.e., "Who Shall Command the Heart?" was published; and in 1905 this was incorporated with the three former parts in one complete volume. Later in the same year I succeeded (a long-cherished project) in producing a pocket edition of the whole on India paper, which has ever since sold alongside and in equal numbers with the Library edition. Thus, after twenty-one years (in 1902) these writings (begun in 1881) came to an end; and three years later the book took its definite and permanent form in print and binding, and some sort of rather indefinite place in the world of letters.

Talking about their place in the world of letters, some of my books have, I fear, puzzled the public by their titles. *Ioläus* has been much of an offender in this way. The uncertainty as to who or what Ioläus might be, the difficulty of knowing how to spell the word, and the impossibility of pronouncing it, proved at one time such obstacles that they quite adversely affected the sales. On one occasion I received a telegram from a firm asking me to send at once 200 Oil-cans. My puzzlement was great, as I had indeed never embarked in the oil trade, nor in my wildest dreams thought of doing so—till suddenly it flashed upon me that the message, having had to pass through a rustic post-office, had been transformed on the way, and that the romantic friend and companion of Hercules had been turned into a paraffin tin! After that I modified the title so as to avoid any such sacrilege in the future.

Coming back to *Towards Democracy* again, I do not know that I have ever seen a very serious estimate or criticism of that book in any well-known literary paper. Like others of my works it has come into the literary sheep-fold, not through the accepted gate, but "some other way, like a thief or a robber." It has been generally ignored—as already explained—by the guardians of the gate, yet it has quietly and decisively established itself, and the "sheep" somehow have taken kindly to the "robber." And perhaps the matter is best so. A book of that kind is not easy to criticise; it cannot be dispatched by a snap phrase; it does not belong to any distinct class or school; its form is open to question; its message is at once too simple and too intricate for public elucidation—even if

really understood by the interpreter. That it should go its own way quietly, neither applauded by the crowd, nor barked at by the dogs, but knocking softly here and there at a door and finding friendly hospitality—is surely its most gracious and satisfying destiny.

But though the ignoring by the critics of *Towards Democracy* has seemed natural and proper, I confess I have been somewhat surprised by their non-recognition or non-discussion of the questions dealt with in the other books; because, as I have said, these books are on a different plane from *Towards Democracy*. They deal with theories or views which flow (as I think) perfectly logically from the central idea of *Towards Democracy*—just as the different views or aspects of a mountain flow perfectly logically from the mountain-fact itself. We cannot discuss the central idea, but we can discuss the aspects, because they come within the range of intellectual apprehension and definition. If the world—it seems to me—should ever seize the central fact of such books as *Leaves of Grass* and *Towards Democracy*, it must inevitably formulate new views of life on almost every conceivable subject: the aspects of all life will be changed. And the discussion and definition of these views ought to be extraordinarily interesting. It is therefore surprising, I say, that no serious discussion of the underlying or implicit assumptions of these two books has yet taken place. It is true, of course, that to-day the world is witnessing a strange change of attitude on almost all questions, and a vague feeling after the new aspects to which I am alluding; but it does not concatenate these views on to any central fact, and therefore cannot deal with them adequately or effectively. It is as if people, having taken drawings of a hitherto unexplored mountain from many different sides, and comparing them together, should not realise that it is the *same* mountain which they have been observing all the time, and that there *is* a unity and a reality there which will explain and concatenate all the outlines. I say it is a little disappointing that this point has not yet been reached, because it would make the discussion and definition of the new views so wonderfully interesting. On the other hand, it is obvious that in the midst of the enormous output and rush of

modern literature, critics generally have thrown up the sponge, and are content to get through their work perfunctorily or as best they can, without the added labour of tackling, or attempting to tackle, a great new synthesis.

The attempt made a quarter of a century ago—in *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure*—to define the characteristics of (modern) civilisation, and to show the civilisation period as a distinct stage in social evolution, destined to pass away and to be succeeded by a later stage—of which later stage even now some of the features may be indicated—has never as far as I know been seriously taken up and worked out. The Socialists, of course, have certain views on the subject, but they are limited to the economic field, and do not by any means cover the whole ground; and various doctrinaire sets and sects are nibbling at the problem from different sides; but a real statement and investigation of the whole question, and a linking of it up to deepest spiritual facts, would obviously be absorbingly interesting. I first read the paper which bears the above name at the Fabian Society (? in 1888), and, needless to say, it was jeered at on all sides; but since then, somehow, a change has come, and even Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw, who most attacked me at the time, have ceased to use the word "Civilisation" in its old optimistic and mid-Victorian sense. What we want now is a real summing-up and settling of what the word connotes—both from the historical point of view and with regard to the future.

Another paper in the same book, which shocked a good many of my Cambridge friends, was my "Criticism of Modern Science." The Victorian age glorified modern science—not only in respect of its patient and assiduous observation of facts, which everyone allows, but also on account of the supposed laws of Nature which it had discovered, and which were accounted immutable and everlasting. A light arising from some quite other source convinced me that this infallibility of the scientific "laws" was an entire illusion. I had been brought up on mathematics and physical science. I had lectured for years on the latter. But now the reaction set in; and—rather rudely and crudely it must be confessed—I turned on my old teacher to rend her! I published, in 1885, and in Manchester, a shilling pamphlet called "Modern Science: A

Criticism," and sent it round to my mathematical and scientific friends. I think most of them thought I had gone daft! But, after all, the whirligig of Time has brought its revenge, and the inevitable evolution of human thought has done its work; and now, one may ask, where *are* the airy fairy laws and theories of the science of the last century? The great stores of observations and facts are certainly there, and so are the marvellous applications of these things to practical life—but where are the immutable laws?—where are the clean-cut systems of the families and species of plants and animals? where is Boyle's law of gases? where the stability of the planetary orbits? where the permanence and indestructibility of the atom? where is the theory of gravitation? where the theory of light, the theory of electricity? the law of supply and demand in political economy, of natural selection in biology? of the fixity of the elements in chemistry, or the succession of the strata in geology? All gone into the melting-pot—and quickly losing their outlines!

It is true that in the great brew which is being thus formed, rags and chunks of the old "Laws of Nature" are still discernible; but no one supposes they are there for long, and on all sides it is obvious that the scientific world is giving up the search for them, and the expectation (in the face of such things as Radium, Hertzian waves, Karyokinesis, and so forth) of ever reconstituting Science again on the old Victorian basis. These fixed "laws," it is pretty evident, and their remaining *débris* will melt away, till out of the seething brew something entirely different and unexpected emerges. And that will be? . . . Yes, what indeed out of such a cauldron might be expected to emerge —a living Form, a strange and wonderful Figure!

Yet the curious thing is that while this process of the dissolution of scientific theory is going on before our eyes, and on all sides, no one seems to be aware of it—at any rate, no one sums it up, gives it outline and definition, or tackles its meaning and result. Tolstoy was pleased with the attacks on modern science contained in *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure*, wrote to me about them, and had the chapter printed in Russian, with a preface by himself. But his point of view was that Science, being a serious enemy to Religion, anything which bombarded and crippled Science

would help to free Religion. That was not my point of view. I do not regard Science—or rather Intellectualism—as the foe of Religion, but more as a stage which *has to be passed through* on the way to a higher order of perception or consciousness—which might possibly be termed Religion—only the word religion is too vague to be very applicable here.

Another airy castle which is obviously fading away before our eyes is that of the "Laws" of Morality. The whole structure of civilisation-morality is being rapidly undermined. The moral aspects of property, commerce, class-relations, sex-relations, marriage, patriotism, and so forth, are shifting like dissolving views. Nietzsche has scorched up the old Christian altruism; Bernard Shaw has burned the Decalogue. Yet (in this country and according to our custom) we jog along and pretend not to see what is happening. No body of people faces out the situation or attempts to foretell its future. The Ethical Society professes to substitute Ethics for Religion as a basis of social life; yet never once has it informed us what it means by Ethics! The law courts go mumbling on over ancient measures of right and wrong which the man in the street has long ago discarded. Much less has any group attempted to foreshadow the new Morality and concatenate it on to the great root-fact of existence. In my "Defence of Criminals: A Criticism of Morality," * I gave an outline and an indication of what was happening and of the way out into the future; but that paper, as far as I know, has never been seriously discussed.

Nevertheless, under the surface new ideas are forming, the lines of the coming life are spreading. The book *Civilisation*—first published by Sonnenschein in 1889—has had a good circulation, and been translated into many languages. Though somewhat hastily and crudely put together, yet owing to a certain *élan* about it, and probably largely owing to the fact that it gives expression to the main issues above-mentioned, it has been well received.

One idea, which runs all through the book—namely, that of there being three great stages of Consciousness: the simple consciousness (of the animal or of primitive

* One of the chapters in *Civilisation: its Cause and Cure.*

man), the self-consciousness (of the civilised or intellectual man), and the mass-consciousness or cosmic consciousness of the coming man, is only roughly sketched there, but is developed more fully in *The Art of Creation*. It is, of course, deeply germane to *Towards Democracy*. And though we may not yet be in a position to define the conception very exactly, still it is quite evident, I think, that some such evolution into a further order of consciousness is the key to the future, and that many æons to come (of human progress) will be ruled by it. Dr. Richard Bucke, by the publication (in 1901) of his book, *Cosmic Consciousness*, made a great contribution to the cause of humanity. The book was a bit casual, hurried, doctrinaire, un-literary, and so forth, but it brought together a mass of material, and did the inestimable service of being the first to systematically consider and analyse the subject. Strangely, here again we find that his book—though always spreading and circulating about the world, beneath the surface—has elicited no serious recognition or response from the accredited authorities, philosophers, psychologists, and so forth; and the subject with which it deals is in such circles practically ignored—though in comparatively unknown coteries it may be warmly discussed. So the world goes on—the real expanding vital forces being always beneath the surface and hidden, as in a bud, while the accepted forms and conclusions are little more than a vari-coloured husk, waiting to be thrown off.

Relating itself closely and logically with the idea (1) of the three stages of Consciousness is that (2) of the Berkeleyan view of matter—the idea that matter in itself is an illusion, being only a film between soul and soul: *called* matter when the film is opaque to the perceiving soul, but called mind when the latter sees through to the intelligence behind it. And these stages again relate logically to the idea (3) of the Universal or Omnipresent Self. The *Art of Creation* was written to give expression to these three ideas and the natural deductions from them.

The doctrine of the Universal Self is obviously fundamental; and it is clear that once taken hold of and adopted it must inevitably revolutionise all our views of morality —since current morality is founded on the separation of self from self; and must revolutionise, too, all our views

of science. Such matters as the transmutation of chemical elements, the variation of biological species, the unity of health, the unity of disease, our views of political economy and psychology; production for use instead of for profit, communism, telepathy; the relation between psychology and physiology, and so forth, must take on quite a new complexion when the idea which lies at the root of them is seized. This idea must enable us to understand the continuity of man with the protozoa, the relation of the physiological centres, on the one hand to the individual man, and on the other to the race from which he springs, the meaning of reincarnation, and the physical conditions of its occurrence. It must have eminently practical applications : as in the bringing of the races of the world together, the gradual evolution of a non-governmental form of society, the communalisation of land and capital, the freeing of woman to equality with man, the extension of the monogamic marriage into some kind of group alliance, the restoration and full recognition of the heroic friendships of Greek and primitive times; and, again, in the sturdy simplification and debarrassment of daily life by the removal of those things which stand between us and Nature, between ourselves and our fellows—by plain living, friendship with the animals, open-air habits, fruitarian food, and such degree of nudity as we can reasonably attain to.

These mental and social changes and movements, and many others which are all around us waiting for recognition, will clearly, when they ripen, constitute a revolution in human life deeper and more far-reaching than any which we know of belonging to historical times. Even any *one* of them, worked out practically, would be fatal to most of our existing institutions. Together they would form a revolution so great that to call it a mere extension or outgrowth of civilisation would be quite inadequate. Rather we must look upon them as the preparation for a stage entirely different from and beyond civilisation. To tackle these things in advance, to prepare for them, study them, understand them, is clearly absolutely necessary. It is a duty which—however burked or ignored for a time—will soon be forced upon us by the march of events. And it is a duty which cannot effectively be fulfilled piecemeal, but only by regarding all these separate movements of the

human mind, and of society, as part and parcel of one great underlying movement—one great new disclosure of the human soul.

My little covey of books, dating from *Towards Democracy*, has been hatched mainly for the purpose of giving expression to these and other various questions which—raised in my mind by the writing of *Towards Democracy*—demanded clearer statement than they could find there. *Towards Democracy* came first, as a vision, so to speak, and a revelation—as a great body of feeling and intuition which I *had* to put into words as best I could. It carried with it—as a flood carries trees and rocks from the mountains where it originates—all sorts of assumptions and conclusions. Afterwards—for my own satisfaction as much as for the sake of others—I had to examine and define these assumptions and conclusions.

That was the origin of my prose writings, most of them—of *England's Ideal*, *Civilisation*, *The Art of Creation*, *Love's Coming-of-Age*, *The Intermediate Sex*, *The Drama of Love and Death*, *Angels' Wings*, *Non-Governmental Society*,* *A Visit to Gnani*,† and so forth. They, like the questions they deal with, have led a curious underground life in the literary world, spreading widely as a matter of fact, yet not on the surface. Like old moles they have worked away unseen and unobserved, yet in such a manner as to throw up heaps here and there, and in the most unlikely places, and bring back friends to me on all sides—lovely and beautiful friends for whom I cannot sufficiently thank them.

* A chapter in *Prisons, Police and Punishment.*
† In *Adam's Peak to Elephanta.*

Success

By Arthur Eckersley

The railway station was an inspiriting place this fine morning. There was so much noise and movement, such a glitter of sunshine up in the glass of the high roof—above all, such a sense of great and joyous happenings pervading everything—that it made one feel at times almost riotously glad to form part of such a delightful world.

This at least was its effect upon the man who was the central figure of the scene; but then he had his own special and private reasons for gladness. Not that they were wholly private. In one way this was the best of it all; the sense he had that all these people shared, in their lesser degree, the joy that possessed him. He could feel his own exhilaration reflected back to him from the eager faces, the smiles and congratulatory looks that formed the background of it.

He stood, as was right and proper, a little apart from the throng in a cleared space that had apparently been kept for him. Behind, at a respectful distance, were the two gentlemen, who had been deputed to attend his pleasure. Beyond them he was only vaguely conscious of a confused blur of crowding figures, policemen, officials, some uniforms perhaps that would account for the gleams of sharper colour, and at the back of all the shifting mass of the common people, the people whom his efforts had saved, who loved him in return with such intensity of devotion as made them partners in the happiness of which this day was to be the climax.

His heart was beating furiously. He caught his breath, and, with an enormous effort, endeavoured to school his face to that look of impersonal austerity that was, he knew, proper to one who was the centre of so much regard. The attempt was not very successful. His eyes were still

shining, and only by biting his lips could he suppress the smile of boyish delight that threatened every moment to overspread them. At all events, however, one point was settled. He had sometimes wondered, away back in his former drab and unsuccessful life, whether a man on the pinnacle of some great and conspicuous triumph would have leisure to enjoy it. Now he knew.

To help his self-control, he forced his mind to consider the events that had brought him to his present position. Not the deed by which he had turned a whole nation from mourning to victory. That was ancient history by this time, already a little blurred as to its details even to himself who was responsible for it. But later, the rewards; wealth, fame, and honours beyond counting, culminating to-day in this state progress to the home that was the nation's gift to him, which he was to share with Alice.

Alice—that was the word that supplied the last touch, focussing everything into sharper reality. It was for her arrival that he and this multitude of eager onlookers were now waiting. She who had sympathised so long was to exult to-day, to drive beside him through the tumultuous streets, to taste their homage. . . . He glanced back into the long perspective of the lean years and laughed aloud.

As though this momentary lapse on his part had been a signal, he was aware in the same instant of a ripple of added excitement through the crowd. The two gentlemen behind him took each a discreet step nearer. There was a vibration in the air; then, with dignified smoothness, a blaze of light and colour, the train that was bringing Alice to join him drew into the station. She had arrived.

He stood motionless, only confusedly aware of a hurry of deferential officials. Perhaps there was crimson cloth under his feet, but it might have been only a path of sunlight down which the next instant he saw her advancing towards him . . . Alice. . . . The face that he remembered as always a little pale and worn-looking was now lit with a smile of welcome as her eyes met and rested upon his. How utterly unaltered she was by all these tremendous happenings.

Even as he took her in his arms, however, he saw that this familiar appearance was partly due to the fact that she

still wore the same rather shabby clothes that he remembered in the days of his obscurity. The sight raised in him one of those swift gusts of anger to which he was subject. It seemed monstrous that Alice, of all people, should thus affront his new dignity. But next moment the rage had passed, and he saw, even in this conservatism of hers, an added zest to that which lay before him. Very gently and smilingly he released himself from the arms that clung with such almost fierce pressure about his neck; and turned to give the signal for departure.

Soon, through the lines of excited faces, pressing one behind the other, all eager for a glimpse at him, they had gained the courtyard of the station and the waiting carriage. Then the Progress began. As they turned out of the gates, the first impression of his real welcome broke upon him in a confusion of sound and brilliance. There was the flutter of innumerable flags, filling the air with a dazzle of bright colour. At many points of the route bands had been stationed, which on their approach crashed out some inspiriting martial music, the tune of which was, however, drowned in the continuous, almost deafening, roar of applause that kept pace with them. On both sides of the road, as far as his eyes could reach, stretched this tumult of waving hats and handkerchiefs; all the inhabitants of the city seemed to have turned out to cheer him. This was a triumph, indeed, beyond anything that even he had anticipated. He longed more than ever to be able to laugh and shout back his greetings to all these friendly people. But he knew that this would not be correct. Even his surely excusable impulse to bow and smile an acknowledgment had been checked by the hand that for a moment Alice had laid upon his arm. He glanced at her then, and saw her sitting beside him, so grave and controlled that the sight sobered him. No doubt she was right. Impassive reception of this honour as only his due, that was the fitting attitude. But the heart within him sang all the more merrily for his outward calm, keeping time to the rhythm of the music that he could never quite catch. . . .

He thought of many things during that wonderful drive. His mind seemed to be working with such increased energy that he could savour the past and present simultaneously.

Detached pictures from his former life floated before him, adding each by contrast to the sum of his present happiness. How hard he had worked in those days, and with seemingly such an entire absence of result (yet in reality it had all been leading to this!). All his life till now he had been considered a failure. Even Alice, though she had believed in him, or pretended to, had suffered from what appeared the futility of all his efforts. Indeed, her trials had been sharper than his, because of the sneers, or, worse still, the sympathy, of those others, her relatives, the Malevolent Ones. . . .

But to-day, as he knew, it was precisely from them that he was to extract the sweetest drop in his cup of triumph. He looked about him as he remembered this. The drive seemed now to have lasted for a long time, and he saw that they were nearing the end of it. Already before him towered the magnificent building that was the concrete sign and reward of his achievement, to which he was bringing Alice to live henceforth in luxury. Had ever wife such a home-coming? He glanced towards her again at the thought. Somehow she seemed—or was it his fancy?—as though all this splendour was beginning to oppress her. There was surely fear in her eyes. . . . But perhaps, after all, it was only natural. Women were like that.

For a moment, in this passing anxiety, he had forgotten the thought that had caused him such added exultation a moment before. Then he recovered it—the Relations. Always they had sneered, pitied. . . . Well, to-day they should see. This had been all carefully arranged at his orders, though in what manner he had not troubled to ask. (It was indeed one of the pleasantest attributes of this new greatness, that detail had entirely lost its old power to hinder. One wished that a thing should be thus and thus, and it was so without further bother—a vast improvement!) He had requested that the Relations should be given places close to the door of the palace, from which they might watch and be duly impressed by his arrival.

It was no surprise to him, therefore, to recognise them as the carriage drew up at the foot of the flight of steps that led to the great entrance. He saw that they had been stationed so that he must almost touch them—delicious

thought!—as he passed. The whole tribe was there, uncles and cousins; and in the most conspicuous place that one whom he had hated beyond all the others, the brother-in-law who for so long had goaded him with taunts. This fellow had in his own utterly unimportant way attained some success (success!), and had used this to excuse a tone of galling superiority. "Ambition," he had once said contemptuously. "My dear George, of what use are ambitions without efficiency? Dreams, we practical people call them." The words had stung. Well, he and these others were now to witness the result of dreaming. Was there triumph in this? The man at whom they had sneered lowered his eyes to veil the fierce exultation that he knew must be glowing in them.

The sunshine was brighter than ever here, glittering on the many-coloured flags, the uniforms, the white radiance of the steps that seemed to stretch up and up indefinitely. The carriage stopped, and the two gentlemen-in-waiting, who had been seated opposite to him, sprang out. One of them assisted Alice to alight. . . . Last of all he himself stood up. His manner was perfect. Absolute and dignified calm to all outward seeming, though every nerve in his body was tingling with the rapture of such a moment as surely few mortals had experienced.

As he set foot upon the steps, the enthusiasm of the people, stilled momentarily by curiosity, broke out afresh. From somewhere near by, guns thundered a salute, shaking the air with their vibrations. Again the martial music rose, clearer now, so that it sounded even above the cheering, and he could keep pace with it as he climbed. Light and sound seemed to mingle and become interchangeable; dazzle of gold, tumult of many noises, through it all the pæan of his own exultant thoughts; so he mounted higher and higher. . . .

On the topmost step he lifted his eyes and found them, as he had known would be the case, staring into those of his enemy. Alice was still beside him, but for the moment he had forgotten her. There was no one in the world but himself and this contemptuous one who must witness his glory. It was the climax. In that look he touched the zenith.

Then, just as he was passing on through the doors,

beyond which he could now dimly see the magnificent, half-recognised figures of those great persons who were waiting to receive him, something happened. . . . For an instant he was conscious of a change upon the face of his enemy. He saw the fury of hate and humiliation in it grow to a swift resolve; the hand that had been hidden was lifted; there was a glint of steel, and then . . . a sudden shattering blow . . . the light split into a thousand dazzling stars, the music roared in his ears like falling water . . . then both faded into nothing.

His own two attendants had carried him through the hall, and into a little room that opened out of it. There the young doctor of the asylum had for a while busied himself with an examination that from the first held no possibilities of doubt. He rose from kneeling beside the body, and confronted the woman who stood, pale but dry-eyed, looking down upon it.

"Instantaneous," he said gently. "Most of them go like that at the end." Then added, "It sounds brutal to speak of it at this moment, but it may help you to know that your husband could never have recovered his reason, though he might have lingered here waiting for this release for years. It is surely better for it to have come quickly."

"Much better," she said; then, almost with an air of apology, "He had a hard life, full of disappointments. It was that which drove him insane. He was always very ambitious in his own mind."

The young doctor followed her gaze to the worn face upon which rested now the smile of one who was beyond the need of dreams.

"In his own mind," he said, "he triumphed. What more could anyone wish?"

Trivialities

No. I. Acids in Solution

By Granville Barker

My dear Lettice,

On the whole: No. "Mr. Arthur B.S. regrets that he is unable to accept Miss Lettice N.D.'s kind invitation to tea."

It is a case of conscience, a balancing upon a razor edge, perhaps, but a matter needing decision, not one for the tossing of a coin. It has taken him a day to decide; he will now present you with the whys and wherefores of the decision. Detailing them in cold ink will do him good, reviewing them may even do you no harm.

I am not coming because you have not invited my wife. There!

Let us go back a bit. You and I first met—did we not?—something over fifteen years ago. We were twenty. I am now thirty-five, you are probably not so old; my wife owns to forty-four. These are foolish facts, the foundations of this rather foolish matter.

I can look back, I think, with detachment upon that tennis-playing, music-loving, theatre-going set that you and I were part of. Anti-romantics—were we not?—products, perhaps, of the mood of national self-distrust which followed that little dose of fighting in South Africa. Our country was going to the dogs, our ambition was to help it go gracefully.

What has become of us all? Three, at least, are dead. One (we know his name too well) has come to grief. He found out the other day that I was back in England and it cost me £5. I fear I am so callous about him that I only asked myself was the tale he told worth the money; but if he repeats it to you in a begging letter (and he'd try to borrow money off a starving tinker) don't believe

him; it's a shocking lie. Jack Pearson has done, it seems, sensationally well. I think he is neither more nor less of a charlatan than we always thought him. Most of us have married, though you'll note that, except for the Burbidges, we've none of us married in the set. Of the women I really think only you and Jane Davis survive single, and I'm told that Jane has taken to politics, of the patriotic sort. I am the latest bridegroom. I thanked you for the sleeve-links, and now, after a decent interval, you ask me to tea, at your club.

You have said no doubt a dozen times by this: "There's Arthur has married for money." You have said it, I hope, with the approving, cynical smile that we all learned the trick of and would practise. It's quite true enough a charge for tea-table talk. Did my wife not enjoy a most comfortable income (thank you!) I certainly should not have married her, nor would she, I hope, have risked marrying me. Surely, my dear Lettice, you expected nothing else of me.

Viewing life as we did at twenty, what other should it mean to us at thirty-five? For how wonderfully level-headed we were! To be good pals, but not to push even friendship to the unselfish extreme that might embarrass its recipient; to think well of each other, but never so well that it must hurt us to hear wittily unpleasant things or that we be tempted to a defence, unless that in turn could be made but another facet of an attack; to hold to such a just sufficiently bracing standard of manners, morals, ambitions, and ideals that there could be no excuse for falling below it and no temptation to soar above! And I protest that I have held to this code and still think it a good one. Had I grown romantic and sentimental I should have grown egotistical and fussy, too. And I am not. I am a very pleasant companion, as you would find if I came to tea.

But, before we get to the why and wherefore of this refusing, to prove, too, my boasted lack of egotism, may I break down the old code so far as to say a few things to your face such as I should expect your real best friend and mine to like to hear behind your back while she (or would it be he?) just lacked the ill-nature to repeat them to you? If you think I am wrong in my etching of you

it won't matter; if I'm right, pray forgive me. The flat truth is, though, perhaps, that I feel in my bones you've been saying nasty things about me and my wife and I want to pay you out a little if I can.

Lettice, you were the wittiest of the set. No compliment; I think you were. For even now phrases of yours endure with me and can make me smile at odd and inappropriate moments. Wasn't it you who said of Mrs. Lennox that her happiness was a kind of pessimism? You told Jack Pearson, our foreordained *arriviste*, when he blithered about his mystical side, that he believed in *This* World to Come. But as a rule you only struck sparks from the appearances of people, seldom from any idea of what they might be under their skins. Abstract ideas tired you a little; "bored" is the word you would have used. It is rude to say so, but as I grew weary of the constant sound of my own laughter (one does) so the constant glitter of this wit of yours began to weary me a little, too. Perhaps by this time it is wearying you a little. When I ask a mutual friend how you are I'm always told, "As witty as ever." Now to be as selfish as ever, as I am, or as dull as ever, or even as fat as ever, would show only a decent consistency. But as pretty as ever, or witty as ever! Oh, my dear Lettice, no; that surely is the rattling of bones. I am angry with you, you see, and petulant.

You ought to have married. Probably, by this time, you would have regretted it. But that's the point; you ought by this to have done something you could regret. Haven't you been as much too constantly clever with your life as you used to be with your tongue? You used to be, you know. You were always on your guard. You gave one no chance to get simply fond of you, one had to be so much on guard in return; I found that out, when through a few days' weakness I let myself—not try, but stop trying; considered sitting down, so to speak, on the sentimental slide and sliding to your very pretty feet. I did indeed; but remember that, in spite of our pretences, we were very young. It was no use. I said about it afterwards that flirting with you was like eating apple tart; sweet enough, but one went in such fear of the cloves.

Why were you never content to make a fool of yourself? The woman who never will is like the general that makes

no mistakes. But the greatest, said Napoleon, is he who makes *fewest.*

Your husband, I'm sure, would have had nothing to regret. "Damn your impudence," I hear you say. Or have you stopped mildly swearing? For I think you'd have managed to marry somebody not quite so clever as yourself; indeed, a little foolish. And you'd have been a wonderful wife for a fool. A pleasant fool would have been so grateful to you. He wouldn't have minded your superiority, he wouldn't even have minded your letting him know of it occasionally. But then, you were always one for such absolute give and take; you respected your own independence too much to be beholden to anyone, therefore it stood to reason—didn't it?—that no one could ever be happy beholden to you. My dear, the world is not so mathematically made as that, nor can we be quite so sure, I think, of our own value.

I suppose it was in search of some sort of happiness that you planned the road you are still travelling so straight ahead. But happiness lurks round corners. And, standing by your side now, looking back and forward, too, I must say the road does look to me a devilish long one. It looks devilish long, Lettice, and devilish straight, and the worst of these long straight roads is (for I've walked them in France) that you never seem either to get anywhere or to know how far you've travelled.

I agree, it would be just like old times to re-start one of our strictly intellectual flirtations over a cup of tea and a cigarette. What a way you had with a cigarette! And it isn't that my wife would object; please don't think that. She'd only hope I should enjoy it. Indeed, to please her, I should have to pretend to enjoy it. Lettice, I will confess to you that there was always a good deal of pretence over the enjoyment of those semi-amorous tourneys of ours. To feel that I must always be as witty as you were and take just such a sporting, self-important view of life, or else should be ashamed. Lettice, frankly, it was a strain. Don't tell me now that you felt just the same about me or I shall laugh.

And now I've given up pretending. I grew too lazy, and I thought, after all, that if I did find out the truth about myself it couldn't be so very dreadful. That's

where we men have the pull of you; we're more cynical about ourselves than women; we are, you see, the older civilisation. Do you still cling desperately to the game for very fear of the little life that may be left you if you cease to play it? Should you run the risk? I daren't advise. I had a shock; I had several, but I faced the mental looking-glass and survived them. I remembered the fable of the Emperor's new clothes. How full of stale metaphor I am, you are thinking. My old habit! I remember you used to say that I came to tea like a Salome in her seven veils, seven moral tropes to be flung off at you and only then was I pleasantly shocking.

You wouldn't like my wife, though, oddly enough, she might not dislike you. For she is able, it seems, to like apparently uncongenial people for qualities she discovers in them which they would loathe to think they possessed. But you wouldn't like her. She says she is dull; she is wrong. But she is clever at dull things. She says she is incurably middle-aged. That's true, and she has taught me to aspire to be. She is plump and likes being plump; she says one should be fat by fifty. She goes to church; she likes going; she says it does her good. She's a bit of a snob; she likes ladies and gentlemen. There is nothing in that, you'll say, for we are all so well-born nowadays. But her definition is rather strict; it includes the practice of good manners. And she completes the circle, for good manners, she says, are the behaviour of ladies and gentlemen. Sometimes it seems I know so many people outside that circle and have not long strayed in myself.

She is troubled a little by the difference in our ages. For some time she would not marry me lest we should appear ridiculous together; I am stupid enough to look younger than I am. She is sensible, though sensitive about it, but, somehow, I don't like to have to watch her sense coming to the rescue. She has illusions about me, harmless ones, which luckily are not those I still hold about myself. So I can study to preserve her illusions. I tell her I will. She laughs at that.

She thinks that good behaviour and reputation are most important things and expects me to think so, or, if I don't, to act as if I did. Indeed, she demands that as a wifely right. In fact, she takes life seriously; she even

takes politics seriously and masters the papers every day. She is meticulous about money; she thinks stamps should be paid for. She likes servants kept in their place. She won't have Maupassant lying about the house; if I must read him, she says, lock him up. She likes children, but she likes them to behave. She likes her dinner.

Lettice, long before you have reached this point I see that smile I used to know so well curving your mouth. You're thinking of something witty to say. Now, listen. If I were to come to tea with you, once and several times again, you wouldn't blurt it out to me—oh, no! Better if you would for then I could laugh and tell it to my wife; and she can laugh her best at jokes about herself. But the unspoken malice would flavour our talk, our cigarettes, our tea; it would sweeten the sugar and sour the cream. Why is it that you, and your like, can never forgive the simple, happy woman? Yes, that thwarted wit of yours would thicken and grow into a very conspiracy of thought against her. And if for one single second I were weak enough to join it, I should be so ashamed.

Still, if ever you feel old enough come to tea with us. For one thing I forgot; she loves her home and it is rather a charming place; it has an atmosphere. I forgot this because I can never think of it and her apart But, at present, I know you'd be restless here.

Or have you made younger friends?

Yours as always,

ARTHUR B.S.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Failure of Sir E. Grey

By R. W. Seton-Watson

"What we all want is the certainty that individual Ministers will be no more immune than individual generals from the consequences of failure. At present there is no such certainty. There is not even a reasonable probability that failure will mean retirement."—*Times*, January 17th, 1916.

"The one idea has been, and is, to keep us all in the dark about our own business for fear we should be scared. It is Ministers who are scared, not the people."—Mr. H. M. Hyndman, May, 1915.

HAVE we a Foreign Policy to-day?

Have we ever had a Foreign Policy since the death of King Edward?

Is there any prospect of its present controller evolving a Foreign Policy in the near future?

Such is the problem to the discussion of which the present article is devoted. It has been written by one who before the war was a Liberal, but whom the war has forced to "scrap" one fond illusion or prejudice after another, and who is prepared to "scrap" many more things in his pursuit of an energetic and constructive Foreign Policy, as an indispensable aid to military success.

I.

King Edward succeeded to the throne during the course of a foreign war, when the dangers involved in our much-vaunted policy of "Splendid Isolation" had become only too apparent, and when this country, for a number of reasons, enjoyed abroad an unpopularity differing only in degree from that which the Germans have won for themselves in the present war. Above all, he was confronted at every turn by his own nephew, William II., as a perpetual element of restlessness and uncertainty in European politics, for ever reiterating his pacific intentions, yet no less frequently parading the terrors of his mailed fist.

From the very first King Edward's aim was perfectly clear and logical, and was pursued with all his unrivalled diplomatic flair, personal tact, and knowledge of the intricacies of Continental politics and of human nature in general. This aim was the removal of the chief danger-points in the European situation, and they were many. Our long isolation had bred in us a spirit of arrogance and a disinclination to study our neighbours, which culminated in the regrettable but by no means "inevitable" incident of Fashoda. The South African War taught us a much-needed lesson—not to despise small nations—and revealed to us the depths of our insularity and unpopularity, and the dangers to which these two hard facts exposed us. The explosion of Pro-Boerism on the Continent was like a flash illuminating the abyss at our feet.

King Edward, unlike his Imperial nephew twelve years later, took the warning to heart. The Anglo-French Agreement and the Anglo-Russian Convention were, above all, the work of his constructive genius. The policy to which they provided a solid base has, of course, been represented, and indeed decried, by his enemies as one of "Einkreisung"—the encircling or even isolation of Germany. It is an unjust definition, but represents a jealous rival's natural attitude to our new policy of turning former enemies into friends. Such a transformation was bound to be galling to those whose political game it suited that we should remain at enmity with France and Russia. The idea of "Einkreisung" is only true in one very limited sense—as an attempt to remove as many inflammable objects as possible from the reach of a man who was never tired of brandishing a flaming torch of "Kultur" round his head. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the *rapprochement* of the Western Powers with Russia was the inevitable result of the predominant position won for the Triple Alliance by the success of Bismarck's policy of isolating the potential enemies of Germany. The consolidation of German influence in Turkey only served to accentuate this fact.

The Agreements with France and Russia constituted a definitely constructive policy. What still remained to complete that policy? Obviously an Anglo-German Agreement. Many observers of foreign politics, especi-

ally on the Liberal side (and, I have to admit, myself among the number), were most anxious to attain this end. Many of us had long been aware of the poisonous and reactionary outlook of the Prussian Junkertum, of the officers' corps and the Tirpitz clique, of the Pan-German pamphleteers with their dreams—to-day mere dreams no longer!—of "Mitteleuropa" and "Berlin to Bagdad"; but we consoled ourselves with a belief in the growing strength of liberal and progressive elements in German society as a counterpoise to Jingo influences, and considered that every year gained for peace made the resort to arms more improbable. Events have shown that we exaggerated their influence and their backbone, and even among the most ardent pacifists there are not many whose eyes have not been at least partially opened.

A good understanding with Germany was entirely desirable, from the standpoint of those who wished a forward policy of Social Reform at home and a restriction of activity abroad to the mere retention and development of the Empire. But an understanding, if it was to be attained on sound lines, presupposed two things—first, that Germany's rulers were acting *bonâ fide*, and that in any negotiations their real aim was a permanent arrangement, free from all ulterior motives. The cumulative evidence of German preparedness for aggression in the spring and summer of 1914—evidence which need not be recounted here—reduces this presupposition to very doubtful proportions. Secondly, that no action which we might undertake must injure existing arrangements, and that no intimacy with a new acquaintance, however desirable in itself, is worth the estrangement of an old and valued friend. In other words, the Entente with France must be treated upon the basis, *Noli me tangere*. Personally, though I was appalled in July, 1914, at the prospect of war with Germany, I remember now with satisfaction that during that month I more than once warned my friends in Berlin that they must reckon upon the absolute certainty that any attack on France would involve immediate war with Britain also.

Granted these two assumptions as to the necessary tactics to be followed with a view to an understanding with Germany, can we find any thread to the policy

pursued by Sir Edward Grey in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of war? Till 1910 he had followed the lead of King Edward, Sir Charles (now Lord) Hardinge, and Sir Arthur Nicolson. Since then there have been growing signs of indecision and "wobbling," which were duly exploited by the Wilhelmstrasse and its exponents in the British Press and in circles of international finance both in London and Paris, to say nothing of the cruder campaigns organised in various Continental newspapers (notably the *Neue Freie Presse;* the *Kölnische Zeitung*; the *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Vossische Zeitung*, and *Kreuzzeitung*; the *Pester Lloyd*, and *Le Jeune Turc*).

The first serious campaign of "Grey Must Go" preceded the Agadir crisis by some months, and coincided with one of the more acute Cretan crises. After Agadir it was renewed with increased vigour by the Germanophile section of the British Press, influenced quite unconsciously, but for that reason all the more effectually, by manœuvres from the German Embassy. While Sir Edward Grey was being quite unjustly attacked as anti-German, the true criticism upon his policy would have been its negative character, its lack of any pronounced quality of "pro" or "anti." Being entirely honest and well-meaning, and genuinely anxious for the preservation of peace, he proved himself a most successful follower of King Edward's "directive"; but when that was once withdrawn he tended more and more to follow the line of least resistance, and to prove his good intentions (which need never have been challenged—for, after all, it is not good intentions, but judgment, constructive power, sympathetic knowledge, and energy at the hour of danger that we are entitled to demand from our Foreign Secretaries) by yielding ground before a determined outcry from within the ranks of his own party. To admit this incontestable fact is, however, a long way from suggesting that Germanophilism was merely the product of doctrinaire Radicalism.

From the winter of 1911 onwards there was (to the initiated) a noticeable increase of overtures to Germany on the part of Sir Edward Grey, the most notable incident of the new era being Lord Haldane's visit to Berlin. This visit, so far from being blameworthy in itself, may be regarded as a laudable and genuine attempt to promote good

relations between Britain and Germany. But Lord Haldane's subsequent attitude in relation to that event *is* blameworthy; for it suggests either angelic innocence or superhuman folly. Either the Cabinet was fooled by a misleading account of his visit and by a concealment of the disillusionment which he has publicly assured us that he brought back with him, or—it is a disagreeable alternative—his public utterances last summer contain grave mis-statements. In either case, Sir Edward Grey's continued intimacy with Lord Haldane, above all his continued reliance on Lord Haldane's political judgment, inevitably arouses misgivings, and strengthens our doubts as to whether Sir Edward Grey has any strong line of policy. Incidentally it proves—what certain notorious incidents within the Foreign Office had already proved—that he is not a good judge of character, a defect in a Foreign Secretary which is apt to have serious effects in dealing even with his own countrymen, and infinitely more so in dealing with foreign diplomatists and statesmen, whose psychology differs so radically from his own. It is necessary to emphasise in this connection the reasons why Lord Haldane has forfeited, and justly forfeited, the confidence of the whole nation. The dilemma may be stated briefly in the following form: Either he was fooled by the Germans; and in that case his knowledge of German affairs, as opposed to German philosophy, is worthless, and the nation has the right to insist that his advice and opinion shall be entirely ignored on German matters. Or he gave a dishonest report; and in that case a Foreign Secretary who submits to his influence or relies upon him to-day is himself a danger to the nation.

In judging whether Sir Edward Grey can be said to have had a definite policy, it is necessary to remember that the warning which Lord Haldane claims to have transmitted to the Cabinet early in 1912 was by no means the first warning of Germany's intentions. It is certain that he had received in the spring of 1908 a definite warning from the then French Premier, M. Clemenceau, as to the aggressive designs of Germany, of the determination of the Germans not to respect Belgian neutrality and of the absolute necessity of adequate military preparedness on the part of England. M. Clemenceau assured him that

150,000 British troops would be of no avail, but that if 250,000 British troops could be landed on the other side of the Channel within ten days of the outbreak of war the German rush could be stopped, and that if England had 500,000 men ready the course of the war would be changed. In the light of our experiences since the outbreak of war the wisdom of M. Clemenceau's warning is apparent.

This remarkable incident throws some light upon the suicidal policy of "drift" which preceded the war—a policy of moral commitments towards Continental States without any preparation to meet their probable consequences. Such a lack of policy (for policy it most emphatically was not) was equally insane as the basis of a system of European alliances in which military obligations are the inevitable corollary to political advantages, and, on the other hand, as a means towards attaining an agreement with Germany; for it should have been obvious from the very first that the only factor likely to impress the German Government with the need for coming to terms was a clear and overwhelming demonstration of armed power. In foreign policy, as in the schoolroom, it is impossible to have one's cake and eat it.

But not merely did Sir Edward Grey fail to appreciate the psychology of the German ruling class. As late as May, 1914, he betrayed his complete failure to gauge the psychology of France, when he remarked to M. Clemenceau, "At last I am convinced that France is a pacific country." Translated into English psychology, what can such a remark mean, save that till then he had looked upon France as a jingo nation, permeated with the spirit of "revanche," and had regarded the indefinite nature of his commitments towards her as a means of keeping the "switch" in his own hands. The best that an apologist could say is that the observation was let fall by a man who, after holding for eight years the office of Foreign Secretary, was paying his first visit to the capital of his country's closest political friend!

So long as peace endured in Europe Sir Edward Grey's lack of a constructive policy was only apparent to a few rare observers. His undoubted eagerness to preserve European peace and his genuine efforts in that direction served to conceal his defects under a cloak of admitted

good intentions. It was just these good intentions, and his obvious qualities as a straightforward English gentleman, which explained the admiration which we felt for him so long as we remained in ignorance of the inner history of his policy.

But what of this inner history? As we shall see, a considerable period before the outbreak of war had been devoted by Sir Edward Grey to private overtures to Germany and even tc risky negotiations with her behind the back of the other two Entente Powers; while all the time the German campaign of "G.M.G.," representing him as hostile to Germany, were merely skilful manœuvres of the Wilhelmstrasse Press Bureau. Each time they were repeated, his lack of a settled policy, combined with his honestly pacific tendencies, increased his eagerness to meet the critics at least halfway; with the result that his devotion to peace led to the imposition of periodic blackmail. In support of this assertion a whole series of concrete facts may be adduced.

In the autumn of 1911 Italy, by her invasion of Tripoli, became involved in war with Turkey, and Sir Edward Grey adopted an attitude which was anything but favourable to Italy. In the course of the autumn and winter he twice sent Circulars to the other Great Powers inviting them to address a joint Note to Italy, warning her not to tamper with the Dardanelles. The only effect of this step was a severe diplomatic snub for its author. The second invitation presented to the Austro-Hungarian Government in the sense indicated was actually handed by Count Aehrenthal* himself to the Italian Ambassador in Vienna, with the words: "This may amuse you. I shall not answer it."

Sir Edward Grey's Balkan policy will be dealt with more fully at a later stage. For the moment I merely refer to his *naïve* acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Ambassadors' Conference in London, thus putting the Entente in a permanent minority, playing into the hands of Germany, and incidentally suggesting that once more he was not following any definite line of policy. His eagerness to forward the cause of European peace was altogether praiseworthy, but such an aim, when pursued as a mere abstraction, becomes a chimæra. During these conferences, early

* Then still Minister for Foreign Affairs.

in 1913, the former Grand Vizier, Hakki Pasha, was sent to London to negotiate about the Bagdad Railway. His mission is understood to have been arranged in Berlin between the Young Turk leader, Djavid Bey, and the Wilhelmstrasse. The Bagdad Railway negotiations dragged on for over a year, until at last an Anglo-German agreement, with Turkey as a subsidiary party, had been reached. It was initialled in the late spring of 1914, but had not yet been signed when war broke out. The publication of its contents to-day would hardly be calculated to strengthen Sir Edward Grey's position as a bulwark of British interests against Germany.

The Treaty of London (May, 1913) was virtually imposed upon the Balkan delegates by strong pressure from Sir Edward Grey; and Bulgaria in particular regarded Britain as irrevocably committed to supporting her claim to the Enos-Midia line. Yet, when Bulgaria's criminal attack upon Serbia and Greece ended in disaster and the Turks took advantage of her distress to reoccupy Adrianople, Sir Edward Grey, far from holding Turkey to her newly assumed Treaty obligations, actually continued to negotiate with Hakki Pasha about the Bagdad Railway, while the Ottoman Government were engaged in tearing up the Balkan Treaty concluded under his auspices. He did this in the teeth of urgent warnings from experienced advisers as to the disastrous consequences for British prestige in the Near East of so undignified a proceeding. His whole attitude was not merely treated in Central Europe as an ignominious "climb down," but also strengthened throughout the East the belief that Britain was afraid of Turkey and would do anything for her separate advantage. It is superfluous to point out that this abandonment of Bulgaria rankled fatally in the minds of King Ferdinand and his statesmen, and explains as much as anything else the distrust with which they have regarded British diplomacy, and which finally decided them to adhere to the Central Powers. What is an even more fatal criticism from the diplomatic point of view, Sir Edward Grey deeply offended Bulgaria without at the same time doing anything to conciliate Greece, Serbia, and Roumania, the two latter of whom it had so long been a tradition of British policy to treat as negligible quantities.

Much more serious and open to even graver criticism is the parallel negotiation with Germany regarding the Portuguese colonies. The origin of this affair is wrapped in considerable mystery, and dates from before Sir Edward Grey's accession to office. When at the end of November, 1899, soon after the outbreak of the South African War, Mr. Chamberlain made friendly overtures to Germany, the idea of an Anglo-German agreement was mooted by William II., and suggestions were made for a partition of the Portuguese colonies in the event of their liquidation. Certain negotiations were conducted behind the back of Lord Salisbury, then in poor health and abroad; and a Treaty embodying a scheme of compensations and territorial rearrangements was actually initialled. It was, however, never signed, for two reasons. On the one hand, Lord Salisbury opposed it, doubtless recognising that we were merely putting a premium on German intrigues for the destruction of Portugal. On the other hand, it was discovered to be unworkable, if only because the Dutch had a right of pre-emption on the Portuguese half of the island of Timur. The scheme was thus upset and remained in abeyance until Sir Edward Grey, having been freely accused by the "pro-German" clique of wishing to prevent Germany from obtaining "a place in the sun," agreed to revise the Treaty and make it workable. This was in the winter and spring of 1913–1914. When it is remembered that the Portuguese possessions include points so important as Goa, Madeira, Cape Verde, Angola, and Mozambique, it will at once be obvious that a scheme of partition of these colonies might have enabled the Germans entirely to encircle the Dominion of South Africa.

For the past year our Press has been full of the idea that the Dominions must in future be consulted even in matters of European foreign policy. How much more, then, in Colonial matters which so intimately concern them? Yet of these negotiations about the Portuguese colonies practically no word seems to have been allowed to transpire! It would be interesting to know how far the leading South African statesmen were taken into the confidence of the home Government in this affair. The natural line of defence for the Foreign Office was that the new partition was more favourable than that of the earlier Treaty;

but this is an argument savouring strongly of the era of Metternich, and ill adapted for the use of a Liberal Government and Foreign Secretary.

The affair, which had originally been kept secret from the French, got to their ears early in 1914 and caused great consternation in Paris. Two messages were sent to London to the effect that if the fact of the Treaty's conclusion were to be published before or during King George's impending visit to Paris, the Government of the Republic could not be responsible for the consequences! France, indeed, is understood to have lodged a protest at Berlin, as she was entitled to do under the existing Franco-German agreements. Finally, in view of the French attitude, the Germans asked that the matter should be left in abeyance for the time. The British Foreign Office interpreted this as a sign that the Treaty was to be dropped; but Prince Lichnowsky, as late as the end of June, 1914, privately declared this view to be unfounded, and stated that he hoped to find means of solving all difficulties. Chief of these obstacles was the fact that Sir Edward Grey, after having initialled the Treaty, took the view that he could not sign it finally unless it was to be published, and that in order to make the situation quite clear he would be obliged to publish simultaneously the so-called "Windsor Treaty," which had been concluded with Portugal, and by which Britain guarantees the integrity of Portugal and her possessions. He appears, however, to have made no arrangements by which these two apparently inconsistent Treaties could be reconciled. Germany naturally raised objections to this course, which would have made her look the dupe of England. The *naïveté* of such a suggestion on the part of Sir Edward Grey seems yet another indication that he had no policy, but was merely striving blindly towards peace, in a well-meaning and honest but entirely aimless manner.

His whole attitude on the outbreak of war is in keeping with this theory. Given the negative policy of the four previous years, and given also the facts of the Central European situation and the absence of any positive aim (for the platonic desire to avert war is not a positive, but a negative, aim), it is hard to see how he could have done better during the fourteen critical days which ushered in

the Great War. But even his best endeavours in that crowded period, regarded in the light of previous history and of subsequent developments, only serve to emphasise still further his lack of a definite policy, and that fatal vacillation between alternative actions which has proved so disastrous in his dealings with the Balkan States.

Meanwhile it will be obvious that all this necessarily appears to the German mind in a very different light, and explains the extraordinary bitterness of the more honest German political circles towards Sir Edward Grey, and also the secret satisfaction of that inner ring which knows the real truth regarding his purposelessness and vacillation, that he should continue to direct our policy, or rather to deprive our policy of all directive, while supplying the German nation with a convenient and obvious target for projectiles of abuse.* Those who do not know him as we in this country know him—and that applies to the vast majority of Germans—fail to appreciate the degree to which his character blends pure subjective honesty with that ultra-English quality of objective inconsistency which lies at the root of all Continental misconceptions as to English national character. Hence they invariably jump to the conclusion that he was wittingly dishonest and that all his negotiations regarding the Balkans, Portugal, and Bagdad were an elaborate "blind," concealing plans of exceptional perfidy and intended to forestall Germany's own designs of aggression till the right moment arrived. The delays between initialling and signature might be taken to lend some colour to this view. Unquestionably those who explain the motives of others by the motives likely to actuate themselves in such circumstances—and this is a typically German frame of mind—might be excused for arguing on these lines.

No doubt the German Emperor, who tried "bluff" upon Sir Edward Grey as upon so many other people (on two separate occasions he assured him in conversation that in the event of war the German armies would reach Paris in

* William II. performs, with more reason, the same function in this country; but the average Englishman has less need of an "Aunt Sally" than the average German. With the former grumbling is merely a useful tradition and an incentive to his rulers; with the latter, a necessary foundation for the elaborate logic upon which he builds up any political case, and without which he feels absolutely bewildered.

little over a fortnight), was perfectly well aware that such suspicions were based upon error. But the effect of Sir Edward Grey's lack of policy upon German psychology was undoubtedly a very vital factor during the first period of the war.

In this connection we may point to the allegation brought by the German Chancellor last summer against Sir Edward Grey, of having said in his parting interview with Prince Lichnowsky that Britain might render to Germany more effectual services by taking part in the war than by remaining neutral. This assertion has not been denied by Sir Edward Grey, though in his letter to the Press he denied the conclusions which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg drew from it. Yet if it be true, it proves even more conclusively his lack of a policy.

Within six weeks of the day when he is alleged to have made this remark, we find Sir Edward Grey concluding a convention with Russia and France, pledging us not to conclude a separate peace. Once more, then, we are confronted by two alternatives—either he said nothing of the kind or he has no policy, for no one with a clear policy could conceivably have made such a remark in good faith and followed it up so rapidly by a commitment which would render it meaningless.

The letter addressed by Sir Edward Grey to the British Press in answer to the Chancellor contains one specially illuminating passage. Writing a year after the outbreak of war, he complained that the Germans, by rejecting his proposals for arbitration, had destroyed the last chance of averting war; "and what a good chance it was." The phrase is either meaningless or, taken in its proper context with the various secret treaties and negotiations to which we have referred, it means that he was prepared to concede to Germany practically all her demands in return for peace. I limit my criticism of such an attitude to pointing out that anyone who knew anything of the German character, especially of the ruling German's character, would have known that this was the surest way to confirm them in their aggressive designs—designs for which we now have overwhelming evidence.

Sir Edward Grey's lack of a policy would have been highly dangerous even if it had involved complete passivity;

but though there was no guiding principle, there was plenty of activity. This took the form of a growing tendency towards secret diplomacy, a growing habit of leaving Parliament, and still more the country at large, completely in the dark as to foreign policy, and a growing reliance on a tiny clique, of which at least one influential member had the closest ties, both political and private, with high German diplomatic circles. The pledge given to Parliament after the first Moroccan crisis, that no further arrangements would be concluded with foreign Powers without previous consultation with Parliament, has been repeatedly ignored, not merely in spirit, but in letter. (That the Dominions have been ignored in matters of foreign policy is, of course, the fault, not of Sir Edward Grey, but of the lack of any Imperial constitution; and one of the first tasks which will confront us when peace returns will be to remedy this deficiency.) The apologists of Sir Edward Grey will doubtless reply that he observed the strict letter of the pledge by only initialling, not signing, the Treaties in question. But even this excuse cannot be pleaded for the Windsor Treaty, still less for the fatal Treaty concluded between the Entente and Italy in April, 1915.

II.

During the first nine months of the war Italy's neutrality presented one of the most vital and delicate problems in the European situation. Our traditional friendship with Italy rendered the prospect of her military co-operation highly agreeable, the more so because the general aims of her policy seemed to conflict neither with British political interests nor with the more abstract aims of general policy proclaimed by British statesmen. Our programme rests upon the principle of nationality and the rights of small nations. The two chief aims pursued by the Italian Government and General Staff—the completion of Italian national unity and the acquisition of a safe strategic frontier—are at once legitimate in themselves and in no way incompatible with the Entente's programme. There was thus no conflict of principle between Italy and the Triple Entente, and it ought to have been perfectly possible to reach an equitable compromise between the national claims of Italians and

Southern Slavs. Unhappily, those who conducted the negotiations between Italy and the Entente seem to have been inspired by other motives. The secret Treaty, as finally concluded on April 27th, assigns to Italy the Trentino, Gorizia, Trieste, the line of the Julian Alps to near Fiume, the whole of Istria and its islands, the whole of the Dalmatian mainland and islands down to a point between Trogir (Traü) and Split (Spalato), and finally the South Dalmatian islands of Vis (Lissa), Hvar (Lesina), and Korčula (Curzola). Such an arrangement, if ever carried into effect, would involve the handing over to Italy of at least 700,000 Slavs, and indeed of the very Slavs among whom the movement for Serbo-Croat national unity has struck deepest root. As its framers were from the first well aware that it could only be imposed in direct defiance of the wishes of the population concerned, and that Serbia, in her position of trustee for her kinsmen, could never become a party to such a betrayal, it was decided to conceal the whole negotiation from the Serbian Government and incidentally to ignore the numerous exiled Serbo-Croat leaders who were in every way qualified to represent the inhabitants of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Istria. The whole responsibility does not rest on the shoulders of Sir Edward Grey: it must be shared by M. Delcassé and by MM. Sazonov and Isvolsky, who were influenced by the same narrow Orthodox feeling which has been responsible for Russian misrule among the Ruthene Uniate Catholics during the occupation of Galicia; but it is to be observed that neither the French nor the Russian statesman had committed himself to the high-sounding phrases of the British Government on the subject of nationality and the rights of small nations. By acknowledging Italy's right to occupy the Dalmatian coast upon strategic grounds and against the wishes of its inhabitants, Sir Edward Grey knocked the bottom out of the British programme, and robbed Britain of the moral right to denounce the German conquest of Belgium. Germany has as good a right to Belgium and Holland as Italy has to Dalmatia. Both claims rest on strategic reasons, and upon the sword. Italy's claim to Dalmatia is the less tenable because, in addition to flouting the rights of race and language, it ignores the economic facts of the situation and would spell complete and imme-

diate ruin for that unhappy province by cutting it off from its economic hinterland.

Those who understood the psychology and aspirations of the Southern Slavs and of the other races of the Dual Monarchy urgently warned Sir Edward Grey before it was too late that Italy's entry into the war was the one thing needed to galvanise Austria-Hungary into life at a moment when she was cracking at every joint. Their warnings were disregarded, and they were assured that military opinion expected Italian intervention to be decisive. Yet, as might have been predicted, the Austrians were able to hold the Italians in check on that difficult frontier without seriously affecting their power of offensive in Galicia, and within three months were actually able to reduce the garrisons of Pola and of Bosnia to half their strength before Italy's entry. This Treaty was the work of a small group of diplomatists following thoroughly Metternichian principles. On the French and British side it was a gross betrayal of those principles for which the two peoples fondly imagined their representatives to be contending; on the Russian side it was an intrigue directed by a few reactionaries against the Catholic element, without which Jugoslav unity is impossible; while on the Italian side it in no way reflects the generous impulses which led the nation to break its bondage to the Triple Alliance. In justice to the Italian statesmen who negotiated the Treaty, the extreme difficulty of the problem must be taken into account. The pro-German Giolittian opposition on the one hand and the extreme nationalist agitation on the other compelled them to secure in some form a guarantee that the prospective territorial gains of Italy would afford compensation for her losses. The progress made by public opinion in Italy during the last six months encourages me to refer openly to-day to an arrangement which has been known to me from the beginning; for it is clear that the Italian public has now reached a truer appreciation of the moral as well as the strategic and military factors in the situation and of the vital need for a close understanding between Italy and the whole Jugoslav race, whose interests are identical with her own. The moment has arrived for a generous revision, such as would win the Jugoslavs for ever to the Italian side and ensure permanent peace in the Adriatic. If anything were

needed to reinforce my argument, it is the success of Austria's menace to Montenegro, whose ejection from Mount Lovčen is a far graver blow to Italy even than to the Southern Slavs themselves.

III.

The Balkan policy of Sir Edward Grey is for all the world suggestive of a child trying to work out a Chinese puzzle with the wrong bricks. He has never, either before or during the war, shown any signs of comprehending the vital significance of the Balkans in a European war, above all to British policy. His lack of a constructive policy towards Serbia has become notorious in the light of recent events; but it was no less marked at the outbreak of war. Entente policy towards Serbia and Bulgaria was tacitly left to Russia to manage, on the basis of the comfortable catchword that we must not be more Slav than the Russians. This in itself is a fatal mistake, for it overlooks both the fatalistic trait which influences the Russian character so deeply and also the inexpressibly narrow outlook of Russian governing circles even in Slav matters—two factors which quite definitely necessitate our being *more*, not *less*, Slav than the Russians in such questions as the Southern Slav, the Polish, and the Bohemian.

The complete indifference displayed by Sir Edward Grey as to the merits of the dispute between Serbia and Austria-Hungary, and the problems which had given rise to it (Blue Book, Nos. 1 and 5), can no doubt be justified by his earnest desire to preserve peace and to avoid anything which might offend Austrian or German susceptibilities at the critical period. But he must even then have been perfectly well aware that the Serbian Government was entirely innocent of the Archduke's murder, that one of the assassins was the son of an Austrian police spy, that the behaviour of the Bosnian police was something more than strange,* and that the whole Austrian case against Serbia lay in the hands of Count Forgách, the man who, while Austro-Hungarian Minister in Belgrade some years previously, had been

* In this connection it is worthy of notice that as early as May, 1914, a prominent New York newspaper announced that a plot against the life of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was being planned *in Vienna*, and that the intention was to throw the blame upon the Serbian Government!

publicly proved responsible for an elaborate plot of forgery and espionage against Serbia and the Serbo-Croat Coalition in Croatia.

Serbia was from the first excluded from the position and privileges of an ally; but that did not deter the Entente from putting pressure upon her to invade Austro-Hungarian territory, when such a diversion might assist the allied cause. In September, 1914, this invasion was carried out in the teeth of expert military opinion and of the obvious alphabetic facts of the situation. It of course failed, both in Bosnia and in Slavonia; indeed, strategically it was bound to fail; and the results were disastrous for the Serbo-Croat population, which had welcomed the invaders, and was hideously punished when the authorities returned a few weeks later.

So little had Sir Edward Grey gauged the true situation in Serbia in the autumn and winter, that the final rout of the Austrians took him completely by surprise, though all who knew Serbia were well aware that it was purely a matter of making good the deficiency of ammunition in the Serbian army. When at last this began to arrive (and that the necessary steps were taken is very largely due to the urgent messages of the British Military Attaché, Colonel Harrison, and the then correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Crawfurd Price) the tide turned very rapidly.

At the very moment when lack of ammunition made itself most seriously felt an incident occurred which throws a flood of light upon the Bulgarian attitude, and supplied a warning which was disregarded. As the ammunition upon which Serbia's salvation depended was at last beginning to arrive, strong Bulgarian bands, *with machine guns*, raided the Vardar valley from the nearest point of Bulgarian territory and destroyed one of the chief bridges on the only railway linking Salonica with the outer world. This dastardly act was passed off by the Government of Sofia as a regrettable incident of which they had no cognisance; but every child knows that a raid with machine guns can hardly be undertaken even in the most primitive country without the knowledge of the authorities.

Save to the blind, Bulgaria's attitude has been perfectly logical from the very beginning of the war. Those who controlled her destinies were fully conscious that the midnight attack of June 29th, 1913, which began the second

Balkan War, was both a crime and a blunder, and were savagely angry at its failure. They were determined to upset the Treaty of Bucarest at the earliest opportunity, they were hostile to those who had imposed it, and at the same time they were distrustful of those who had induced them to conclude the Treaty of London under what was little short of a guarantee, and had then almost without a murmur allowed the Turks to treat it as a mere scrap of paper. Hence, when the great war came, they were without illusions, and resolved at all costs to be on the winning side. During the first and second Austrian invasions of Serbia (August–September, 1914) Bulgaria held back, for three very good reasons. She was afraid to move until she saw which side the Turks would take: she was uncertain as to the attitude which Greece and Roumania might adopt in the event of her entry on the German side; and she was impressed by the Russian conquest of Galicia. When the third Austrian invasion seemed about to triumph, she tried to drive the last nail into the coffin of Serbia by cutting the Vardar valley. Here she was merely following the approved Bulgarian policy of "a stab in the back." After its unexpected failure she reverted to strict neutrality. To all suggestions of intervention she replied by an emphatic insistence upon the cession of Macedonia—with "effective guarantees" for its retention—as the only possible programme which could secure her adhesion to one side or the other.

For some years past only two factors have counted in Bulgaria. The first is King Ferdinand, who is Austrophil and still more Magyarophil, and who had reached a private understanding with Vienna at least as early as June, 1913, if not in the late summer of 1908, when the joint Austro-Bulgarian *coup* against Turkey was in preparation. The second factor is the "Macedonian" party, consisting of political refugees from Turkish, and latterly from Serbian and Greek, rule in Macedonia. This party controls a large section of the army and the Sofiote bureaucracy, sticks at nothing in its savage fanaticism, and is politically blind to everything save the redemption of Macedonia. The moment that its aims coincided with those of the King, who controls foreign policy without even consulting Parliament, there was nothing else in the country which could check

them. This alliance represented a league between diplomacy and brute force.

At the turn of the year Bulgaria noticed a growing tendency on the part of the Entente to exercise pressure upon Serbia, and began to regard the Entente as more likely to deliver the Macedonian goods than the rival firm of the Central Powers. The question at issue has been persistently confused by the advocates of Bulgarian or Serbian ethnological theories. In reality it was merely a question of Baksheesh. Bulgaria had fought for Macedonia—had fought by methods of political and military treachery—and had lost. But, after all, Macedonia was the price of Bulgaria's participation, and if the Entente valued her military aid against the Turks sufficiently highly to pay the inevitable price, then it had to be paid quite irrespective of the Treaty of Bucarest or the mediæval frontiers of Tsar Dushan. Unhappily, it was not till August that Sir Edward Grey realised that any solution of the Macedonian question had of necessity to be *imposed* upon the Serbs, instead of being left to their initiative.

In February, 1915, however, a definite offer of intervention against the Turks was made to the Entente by Dr. Radoslavov. It is not altogether clear through what medium it was made, but for some inexplicable reason it was not transmitted to London. As we shall see, the Entente snubbed the smaller Powers when they made overtures to us and then exposed itself to counter-snubs by making undignified overtures to them after the psychological moment had already passed.

For the next six months Sir Edward Grey played with the idea of a Serbo-Bulgarian Agreement; and after the Russian retreat and the Suvla Bay disasters the Bulgarians responded by playing with Sir Edward Grey. In August he at last realised what was obvious in January, that internal conditions in Serbia made it impossible for her to yield Macedonia voluntarily, and that strong if friendly pressure on the part of the Entente was an indispensable condition. But quite apart from having realised this six months too late, he had in the meantime, by the Treaty with Italy and by his steady refusal to accept Serbia as an ally, enormously increased the difficulty of concessions by the Serbian Government. Serbia could not be

asked to concede Bulgarian "national unity" in a form which she has steadily refused to recognise, without an assurance that the Allies would support her own claim of Serbo-Croat national unity; and it was just this assurance that Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues were indisposed to give, owing to their commitments to Italy. From the moment that the mismanagement of the Dardanelles Expedition became apparent to the Bulgarians (and it must be remembered that the whole Balkan Peninsula was ringing with the details at a time when the British public was still allowed to know nothing), only one thing could have prevented them from joining the Central Powers, and that was the prompt display of military force, as a practical proof that we should not allow our ally to be crushed. Unhappily, Sir Edward Grey and his military advisers showed only too clearly that they did not appreciate the issues at stake. They did not realise what has been obvious for the past nine months, even to the man in the street, that Serbia alone blocked the German advance to Constantinople and Bagdad, and that Serbia alone provided the road for a serious offensive against Germany's weakest spot, the great Hungarian plain.

IV.

Throughout the period wasted in negotiations with Bulgaria there was always an alternative policy. Instead of offering the unscrupulous Ferdinand the territory of our ally or our friend in the name of a principle for which he cares nothing, we might have taken our stand on the Treaty of Bucarest and rallied Greece and Roumania in its defence. Unhappily, our policy towards Greece has been even more unsatisfactory than our policy towards Bulgaria. All through the autumn of 1914 Greece was known to be willing to come in on our side whenever we wanted her; but we never did want her, and indeed steadily discouraged her intervention. Early in December the situation changed, and the Entente invited Greece to join them, but as no promise of support against Bulgaria, in the event of her joining the Central Powers, could be obtained, the Greek Government not unnaturally declined to take the risk. None the less, there is the strongest reason to believe that at the very beginning of the year detailed plans for the intervention of Greece on

the side of the Allies were laid before the British Government with the knowledge and consent of King Constantine, and that they were not even considered. In the last days of January Mr. Venizelos drew up his famous Memorandum to the King, definitely advising intervention, and, if necessary, even the cession of Kavala to Bulgaria, in return for the acquisition of Smyrna. This latter proposal was, however, promptly withdrawn in view of the revival of Bulgaria's financial arrangement with Berlin, the Greek Premier naturally treating this as a proof that his Bulgarian colleague was not "doing business" with the Entente. In March, in view of the attack on the Dardanelles, which is believed to have been undertaken in the teeth of advice from the Greek General Staff, Britain and France again invited the Greeks to join us, and Mr. Venizelos went so far as to favour intervention without any definite guarantees from the Entente. The rejection of this policy by King Constantine led to the resignation of Mr. Venizelos and the formation of the Gounaris Cabinet. Only a few weeks after its accession to power, tentative proposals were made on its behalf to the Entente through a member of the French Cabinet. Prince George of Greece was sent to Paris by his brother, the King, with a virtual offer of intervention in return for the Entente Powers guaranteeing the integrity of Greek territory. The French were inclined to consider the offer, but it was rejected by London on the ground that no attention could be paid to "unauthorised amateur diplomacy." This astonishing phrase was allowed to reach the King of Greece, and having been applied to his own brother on a mission which was anything but unauthorised, naturally gave the greatest possible offence.

August came, and with it the moment when the German plan for the invasion of Serbia (which had been in careful preparation ever since German troops first appeared in the Hungarian Banat in January, 1915) was at last complete, and when the straightening of the German line against Russia made possible the release of the necessary troops. Sir Edward Grey, instead of taking immediate steps in conjunction with his allies to meet this new menace, was engaged in ineffectual efforts to repair the mischief caused by his betrayal of the Southern Slav cause on the Adriatic. It was only after Sofia knew the Germans to be ready that the Allies summoned Serbia to consent to the cession of

Macedonia to the Bulgarians, undertaking themselves to garrison the disputed territory till the end of the war. But by that time Ferdinand had already made up his mind that the Central Powers were going to win; while even the Entente's friends in Sofia were rendered suspicious by the fact that our offer to garrison Macedonia was limited to the east bank of the Vardar, whereas the districts most coveted and least likely to be disgorged lay on the west bank. This fact did not, of course, decide the issue, but it is interesting as showing how even in small details we invariably contrived to create an unfortunate impression.

The actual invasion, foreseen by all students of the Balkans for nine months previously, found the Entente Governments, and, above all, Sir Edward Grey, not merely wholly unprepared, but actually relying upon Greece to rescue us from the consequences of our own inaction. How little our leaders grasped the situation may be gathered from the fact that, three weeks before the Germans opened fire on the Danube, one of the highest military authorities in England assured a Serbian representative that in his opinion the whole operation was probably bluff.

When hard facts disproved this opinion, it might have been expected that we should act promptly and strain every nerve to recover lost ground and to redeem a situation which was becoming grave, but was still far from desperate. Instead of this, Sir Edward Grey pinned his whole faith upon Greece fulfilling her Treaty with Serbia by a declaration of war against Bulgaria. The common view of this Treaty is that Serbia was bound to furnish 150,000 troops against Bulgaria in the event of the latter attacking one or other of the contracting parties; and as, in view of the Austro-German menace from the north, that number could not be spared by the Serbs, Mr. Venizelos, on September 21st, asked France and Britain to make good the deficiency, and thus enable Greece to observe her part of the Treaty with some reasonable chance of success. It was on this basis that the allied troops were sent to Salonica.

As a matter of fact, the Treaty was much more comprehensive than is generally supposed. Under its provisions the *casus fœderis* arises not merely in the event of a Bulgarian attack on Serbia, but also of an attack from any other quarter also; and therefore Greece, in not coming to Serbia's aid against Austria-Hungary in 1914, had

already broken her pledge. Hence Sir Edward Grey, who must have been well aware of this fact, was surely running a very grave risk when he relied upon Greek constancy in a situation which his own diplomatic failures had rendered infinitely less favourable.

On September 23rd Bulgaria mobilised against Serbia; yet on September 27th Sir Edward Grey practically vetoed Serbia's proposal to take advantage of her own military preparedness and to attack Bulgaria before she could be ready. Next day (September 28th) in the House of Commons he uttered his famous pledge that, in the event of Bulgarian aggression, "we are prepared to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, in the manner that would be most welcome to them, in concert with our allies, without reserve and without qualification." At the moment everyone in England, and above all in Serbia, took this to mean that we were going to send Serbia the military help for which she was clamouring; but on November 3rd Sir Edward Grey explained to an astonished world that he merely meant to convey that after Bulgaria had joined Germany "there would be no more talk of concessions from Greece or Serbia." The *naïveté* which could prompt such an explanation is only equalled by the confusion of mind which could read this interpretation into a phrase so explicit and unequivocal.

If the references to Serbia in his statement of September 28th were extraordinarily misleading, his simultaneous references to Greece were directly mischievous in their effect. Following upon a prolonged attempt to barter Serbian territory to Bulgaria in the teeth of Greek disapproval (based upon fear for the fate of *Greek* Macedonia), his assurance that Bulgaria had no aggressive intentions (this, five days after the Bulgarian army had begun to concentrate between Vidin and Zaječar!) and that in Britain there was not only no hostility, but "a warm feeling of sympathy for the Bulgarian people," created anger and consternation at Athens, and was directly responsible for the fall of Mr. Venizelos and the King's repudiation of the Serbo-Greek Treaty. Then at the critical moment, when Greece's betrayal of Serbia opened the road of the Bulgars to Skoplje (Usküb), there were, at Salonica, not the promised 150,000 allied troops, but 35,000 French and only 13,000 British, the latter under strict injunctions

on no account to cross the Greco-Serb frontier. It would be interesting to know whether this order was given with the approval of Sir Edward Grey. Attempts have been made to throw the whole onus of the Serbian disaster upon Greece's defection; but it is well for us to remember the unpalatable fact that Greece's failure in her Treaty obligations towards Serbia alone saved Britain from the charge of failure to fulfil *her* pledge to Greece. Nothing can exonerate Greece's desertion of her ally, but in view of our tergiversation and irresolution, some allowance must be made for King Constantine's attitude towards the Entente. Moreover, if it had been intended to deceive the Serbs and to dislocate their plans of defence, no better method could have been imagined! For not the least of the enormities for which Sir Edward Grey is responsible has been, that though he and his military advisers were from the first opposed to sending military help to Serbia and blocked it at every turn, they none the less carefully concealed the fact from the Serbian General Staff, instead of giving them fair warning that help would not be forthcoming. Worse still, they kept urging the Serbs to hold the Danube front at the risk of exposing their flank to Bulgaria's onslaught.

While Sir Edward Grey remained apparently unconscious of his duty towards a small but gallant ally, whom he had persistently excluded from the counsels of the Entente and whose function as a bulwark of British interests in the Middle East he failed to understand, our French allies showed a growing perception of the issues at stake. Finding himself insufficiently backed up from London, M. Viviani, then still Prime Minister, crossed the Channel shortly before the reconstruction of the French Cabinet; and one of the objects of his visit was to urge a more vigorous Balkan policy. A little later M. Millerand, then still Minister of War, crossed upon the same quest, and found it necessary to prolong his stay in order to extract some, albeit ambiguous, promises from our reluctant authorities. As he remarked to an English friend, he felt he could not return without some guarantee of military support, "otherwise the rupture would have been too grave." But from these promises our Government began at once to recede, and within a fortnight General Joffre himself found it necessary to come over to plead the cause of Serbia (October 29th). On his arrival, Sir Edward

Grey, throwing to the winds all his public pledges to Serbia, definitely urged upon the French Generalissimo complete withdrawal from Salonica and the abandonment of the Serbs to their fate. General Joffre replied with the historic phrase: "Vous nous lâchez sur le champ de bataille!" ("You are deserting us on the field of battle, and we shall have to tell the world!") Seldom, if ever, has a British Foreign Secretary exposed himself to so humiliating a retort from the lips of an ally. But the taunt was effective. General Joffre carried his point, and in the biting phrase of Sir Edward Carson, the Government "decided that what was too late three weeks before was in time three weeks after." But those three weeks, which might have transformed the fortunes of the campaign, had been irretrievably lost through Sir Edward Grey's lack of a Balkan policy. Even then our hesitation continued. Instead of attempting seriously to check the Bulgarian advance in Macedonia and to thwart the long-cherished Austrian design of a port on the Ægean (which, as things are, would rapidly become a German submarine base), the Government allowed itself to be beguiled by a plan (if plan it can be called) for the abandonment of Salonica and the Dardanelles and the concentration of a defensive force on the Suez Canal—presumably in order to wait till the Germans had established their hold on Greece and Roumania as well as Bulgaria, reorganised the Turkish army, completed the Bagdad Railway, replenished their own supplies from Asia Minor, and were ready for the invasion of Egypt. On December 3rd the pressure of these craven spirits wrested a decision from the Calais conference in favour of evacuation; but happily the French Cabinet refused to ratify so disastrous a decision, and after a further week of disunion the War Council of the Allies finally overrode Sir Edward Grey.

Thus for many weeks a strain was put upon the Entente which would have been extremely dangerous but for the chivalrous loyalty of the French and their knowledge that the British nation does not share the pusillanimous views of its Foreign Secretary. In Paris the question is being asked on all sides: why Sir Edward Grey, after such repeated fiascoes, does not follow his late colleague, M. Delcassé, into retirement? and what everyone is saying in Paris, from the Quai d'Orsay to the Académie Française,

surely need no longer be concealed in London. How intolerable the situation has become, how ruinous to our prestige in the Near East, might be proved up to the hilt by allusions to the fiasco of our Turkish policy in the summer of 1914, to the notorious *Goeben* incident, and more recently to the situation in Roumania. But it will suffice to quote the astounding message conveyed late in November by King Constantine to prominent representatives of the Entente, to the effect that the conquest of Serbia renders the Salonica Expedition superfluous and that the "protection" of the Franco-British forces in their retreat into Greek territory can only be guaranteed by Greece in return for an explicit undertaking to re-embark immediately! This seems to have been a little too much even for Sir Edward Grey to stomach; but it was, after all, merely the logical outcome of that vacillation and lack of directive to which King Constantine very aptly alluded in his conversation with the *Times* correspondent (*Times*, December 7th). M. Gustave Hervé writes in *La Guerre Sociale*, of December 8th, that after that interview "our English friends must begin to realise that they are largely responsible for the present attitude of Constantine. Our friends in England do not take sufficient account of our peculiar temperament, so different from theirs. We, in whom the sentiment of honour is more developed than the sentiment of interest, are incapable of entertaining for an instant the idea of abandoning the Serbs. We are, perhaps, idiots, but we are made so." Pleasant hearing, yet who can say that it is undeserved—not by the British nation, but by the British Government? When the man who on the eve of war was the fiercest opponent of the new French military service can write thus, it is high time that our Ministers should endeavour to be worthy of such splendid allies as the French.

It is also high time that the British public should awake to the fact that Sir Edward Grey and his military advisers are sowing the seeds of future trouble with France. And here silence is full of dangers; the true and only remedy is free speech. For there can be no question of any quarrel or even of any divergence of view between the French and British peoples at the present juncture; all that is needed is to restore French confidence in British leaders, and that can only be done by the choice of leaders qualified to lead.

THE FAILURE OF SIR EDWARD GREY

Britain is suffering to-day from the fatal habit of cloaking the faults and errors of our leaders, both civil and military, of pooh-poohing serious criticism as mere "whimpering," and pleading that we are doing our best in the best of all possible worlds. That is not the way to win the war. The method at present favoured by a section of the Press is to plaster London with the ill-considered assertion of one of our party leaders that "Germany is beaten." Beaten, forsooth, when her armies have marched in triumph from Ypres to Vidin, from Mitau to Prizren! That savours of the period when officers labelled their luggage to Pretoria, only to arrive there as prisoners—not of the "Black Week" when we set our teeth and laid the moral foundations of our future victory.

A very common argument against any change at the Foreign Office is that the fall of Sir Edward Grey would greatly encourage the Germans; and it may be readily admitted that if he were to give place to Lord Haldane or a member of the U.D.C., the enemy would have good cause to rejoice. It is quite true that Sir Edward Grey is regarded by the man in the street in Germany as the arch-conspirator and author of this war; that is a convenient dogma which it has suited the German Press Bureau to inculcate. But official Germany has long known that his honest aimlessness and *naïve* obstinacy make him one of their greatest assets, and the German Chancellor was unwise enough to hint this in his recent speech, when he ascribed Germany's Balkan successes in large measure to our mistakes. The fall of Sir Edward Grey, as the result of a demand for a more energetic conduct of the war and for still closer co-operation with our allies, and the substitution of a man of energy and first-rate ability, would be far the most serious and disconcerting blow which the Germans had yet received.

The fear of drastic changes is entirely out of place in the middle of a life and death struggle such as the present war. No past service, however signal, can atone for the long series of blunders from which we have tried to select the most flagrant. France and Germany and Russia are at present strewn with reputations which this war has wrecked, very often unjustly. Why should we alone adhere to homœopathic methods?

The Privy Council Case

By Sir George Makgill

In the case against Sir Edgar Speyer, the Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, admitted that it had been brought in the public interest, and that it was a case upon which it was proper that a decision should be given by the Courts. Yet he gave it against the British interest and in favour of the foreign. I appeal to all patriotic Britons to see that the matter does not end there. I am advised that the decision regarding the repeal of the third clause of the Act of Settlement, or Gladstone's Act of 1870, and also in regard to the interpretation of Asquith's Act of 1914, is open to objection in law. But, apart from this, it is open to the gravest objection on public grounds. The interpretation of both acts was based on the assumption that each successive Naturalisation Act must be understood as opening the door of British rights wider and wider to the alien.

The Lord Chief Justice emphasised this in the case of the Act of 1914, even referring to the fact that it was ratified after the outbreak of war with Germany as being no argument against its being interpreted in favour of persons of German birth. We have the astonishing decision, therefore, that even when we are at war with Germany, the law, if questioned, is to be interpreted in favour of increased rights to hyphenated Germans.

And this is no isolated decision. There is the Continental tyre case, also decided in favour of the Germans by Lord Reading. There is Mr. Justice Younger's decision giving interned enemies the right to sue British subjects. There is the Government's refusal to prosecute the firm of Merton. It seems, therefore, that English law is now made not for Englishmen so much as for German intruders. Where British interests clash with German, some of our party politicians have long constituted themselves the Foreigners' Party, championing the cause of the alien

invader against that of the British people. It is time that the people understood this and—remembered it.

I appeal to every honest Englishman who loves his country to support the Anti-German Union in fighting against this monstrous invasion of the rights of Britons. The matter must not rest here. If the law is on the side of the German, the law can be altered. It must be altered. It will be altered if the British people will only demand their rights.

Let all that is true-born British rise up and give our politicians the lead they say we failed to give before war broke out. Let us call upon them to give a reason for their love for the alien. Let them show cause why any German should be given the rights of a Briton. Let them prove that naturalisation of Germans is a gain to England. Let them give the British people one honest patriotic argument against doing away with naturalisation altogether.

After all, what is naturalisation? It means that a man for some personal reason renounces his people and his native land, and becomes in name at least a member of a foreign nation. Is that a thing to be proud of? Would any patriotic Englishman not resent being called a loyal German in time of war? Yet we are asked to tolerate naturalised Germans as our rulers in the Privy Council, in Parliament, in public services. Is that creditable to the party politicians who imposed this alien domination on the British people? Germans come here and oust British-born men and women from their work and business. Should a British Government pass laws to allow them to oust natural-born Britons from their political rights and national privileges also? The German's advantage is obvious; but how does the Briton gain?

I appeal to my fellow-countrymen to end this scandal. I appeal to them to demand that these unpatriotic laws shall be abolished. I appeal to them to see that no Government and no Ministers of the Crown who have proved themselves friends of the foreigner and the dupes of Germany shall ever again hold office. I appeal to Britons to ask for a national Government which shall place country before party, expel the German invaders, and have an honest national policy that preserves British rights for Britons and the Empire for the British race.

Government by Lawyers

By Sidney Low

One of the questions forced into prominence by the War is that of diminishing the influence of lawyers in the management of public affairs. That influence has always been great, and it has often been regarded with a certain suspicion, for the English in the past combined a profound reverence for the law with some distrust of its practitioners. As long ago as 1372 it was enacted by statute (46 Edw. III.) that no lawyer practising in the King's Court should be elected to Parliament. It is interesting to remember that though this Act was habitually ignored for centuries it was not formally repealed till 1871. Gibes against lawyers are the commonplaces of English literature. "The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers," Shakespeare makes one of Cade's followers say. "I do not wish to speak evil of any man behind his back; but I believe the gentleman who has just left the room is an attorney," is Dr. Johnson's substitute for this ferocious sentiment. When the members of the Inns of Court formed a volunteer corps it came to be known as the Devil's Own, a popular tribute to the diabolic ingenuity of the gentlemen of the long robe. And Dickens immortalised the shadier astuteness of the other branch of the profession in his grimy etching of that estimable firm of solicitors, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg.

But the modern barrister is by no means satanic, either in his wickedness or his ability. The silk gown—and it is with the successful K.C. that we are at present specially concerned—covers a very human form; the wig shelters a brain of no more than good average capacity. The learned counsel is not often deeply erudite, for excessive learning is rather a hindrance than a help at the modern Bar. He is not a genius, for genius is not wanted in the courts. If he is industrious, clear-headed, trustworthy,

tactful, and fluent he may, with luck, obtain a large practice. If he gets into leading business he will probably be much over-paid for his exertions. A barrister of quite moderate attainments and capacity may be making four times as much at the Bar as he would have been likely to obtain in most other trades and professions. The popular Chancery and Common Law K.C.'s at the top of the tree —those who by one means or another have made themselves the fashion with the solicitors and the litigating public—may reckon their incomes in five figures.

But what, it may be said, is there wrong or harmful in this? Suppose a famous advocate does earn £10,000 or £15,000 or £20,000 a year? Do not other people in other lines, who have "arrived," gain rewards as substantial? Well they do, sometimes, though not often. One hears occasionally of an operatic singer, a music-hall favourite, a star performer at the cinema theatres, a popular dramatist, whose incomes are as large as those mentioned, or it may be larger. This is not in itself admirable, especially as the gains of these fortunate individuals are not always proportionate to their merits. Still, the artist or the pseudo-artist is getting a high price for his goods because they have a scarcity value; he is selling something for which there is a wide demand with a limited supply. The tenor with the voice of gold, the dancer with the limbs of air, the quaint contortionist of the bioscope, the "best-seller" among novelists, are natural monopolists. They have gifts which come to them from the gods—or elsewhere: for reasons good or bad vast multitudes want to see or hear or read them, and will pay for the privilege. They are not protected by any vested interest or artificial restriction. It is open to anybody to write a novel and sell as many copies of it as Mr. Hall Caine—if he knows how to do it; any coalheaver may become a De Reszke or a Caruso—if he can. But the successful barrister is in a different position. He is not, as a rule, a person of exceptional endowments. He is just an ordinary, diligent, professional man, who happens to belong to a close trade union which has been allowed, by law and custom, to exclude competition except among its own favoured members. All the more important legal business of the greatest mercantile and industrial community in the world

is concentrated in London; all serious civil cases have to be decided in a few courts in the Strand or at Westminster; most of it gets into the hands of the narrow circle of practitioners who have acquired a position in those courts. It is as if no play could ever be produced except in one of a dozen London theatres, and if every actor had to be "called" to the stage by a committee of the managers of those establishments, and in due course given an exclusive licence to play leading parts. That would probably not tend to develop histrionic ability; but it would make the privileged actors very comfortable, and probably enable them to enjoy incomes much beyond their artistic deserts.

In any case, it is of no great matter if in the open professions some people are over-paid. The public interests are not seriously affected by the fact that a famous *prima donna* may live like a duchess, or a singer of comic songs own racehorses and steam yachts. With the lawyers it is different. We are not bound to go to the opera. But we cannot always avoid going to law. And when we enter the mazes of that intricate judicial theatre opposite Temple Bar we have to pay such prices as the management has chosen to fix for our entertainment. We cannot even escape the exactions of the star performer. For we are told that if we want to win our case we must seek the assistance of one of the advocates who has the ear of the court. We must choose among a limited number of the successful gentlemen who have got the cream of the business in their hands, and consequently can charge exorbitantly for their services.

The result is that the administration of justice in this country—outside the county courts, where only the minor issues are dealt with—is the most expensive in the world. In this close market, where the scale of payments is regulated not by those who buy but by members of the ring which sells, all costs and prices and wages are excessive. The effect, as my friend Mr. Harold Cox has observed, of this congestion of legal business in London is analogous to the effects on ground-rents of the concentration of population in a limited area. The manner in which justice is administered, the extravagant payments to barristers practising in the High Court, and the general expenses of legal proceedings, impose a heavy burden upon the com-

merce and industries of the nation. Largely on this account it costs more to do business in Great Britain than in almost any other civilised country. Justice, according to Magna Carta, must not be sold, denied, or deferred. In modern England justice may not be denied; but it is sold at an excessive figure; and it is often unendurably delayed. And this delay and expensiveness are a serious handicap upon our producers and exporters in their competition with less lawyer-ridden countries.

The evil goes much further than this. It is not merely that our whole judicial system is virtually controlled by a trade-guild of barristers practising in the London courts, who are able to dictate the terms upon which the business of the country shall be conducted; but also this same group of professional men exercises a quite undue influence upon our politics, and is able to carry its pecuniary exactions into this sphere. One aspect of the matter has been prominently before the public during the past few months. The scandal of the enormous and extravagant remuneration paid to the law-officers of the Crown has been emphasised at a moment when the obligation of economy is being prescribed to all classes. It is certainly a monstrous abuse that the three principal legal members of the Government should between them draw fifty or sixty thousand pounds of public money every year. The Lord Chancellor, who, in spite of his ceremonial dignities, is only a secondary minister in these days, is paid twice as much as the Premier, and he takes an annual pension of £5,000 for life, though he may not have held office for three months. It is more absurd still that a Solicitor-General may receive over £20,000 in salary and fees in a single year, so that he is in all probability the most highly-paid public official in the world, except the Viceroy of India, who has to live with all the pomp and state of a reigning sovereign. The Solicitor-General is paid these vast sums not because he really earns them, or because the services he performs to the State are worth them, but simply because he is one of the leading men in that group of London barristers who derive such substantial rewards from the exercise of their profession. It is assumed that they can only be induced to accept office by the offer of emoluments about equal to the combined salaries

of all the judges of the United States Supreme Court, and rather more than that of an entire continental ministry in ordinary times. There is no reason why an Attorney-General or a Solicitor-General should be a great statesman, and it would be ridiculous to describe any recent holder of these offices as a great jurist. All that is required of him is that he should have a competent knowledge of English law, and of the conventions and principles of the Constitution, and that he should be able to give the Government trustworthy advice on such legal points as arise. It ought to be possible to obtain a capable man for these duties at a very moderate salary, and so no doubt it would be if the whole scale of legal incomes had not been artificially raised by the causes to which reference has been made.

This over-payment of legal officials of all sorts, from the Lord Chancellor to the clerks in the law courts, is an abuse which ought to be remedied in the interests of public economy. But it is comparatively a minor evil. Much more serious is the undue influence which lawyers have obtained in our politics. We are largely governed by lawyers, and their influence has increased perceptibly of recent years. About one member of Parliament in every five belongs to the legal profession, and a quite appreciable proportion of these gentlemen are in politics for strictly professional reasons. They believe that their parliamentary activities will give them an access of business in the courts, or they are looking out for an appointment. If they are ambitious and able they may hope eventually to obtain one of the big prizes—a law office under the Crown or a seat on the High Court bench. If they are more modest in their aspirations and in their estimate of their own capacity they may look for something less pretentious—a judgeship or an attorney-generalship in one of the Crown Colonies, a recordership, a county court judgeship, and so forth. Nor need their outlook be strictly confined to the area bounded by the professional horizon. It is taken quite as a matter of course if some important post which has nothing in particular to do with the law is conferred upon a barrister.

It cannot be regarded as a particularly healthy symptom that a considerable number of the persons who con-

stitute the supreme legislature have gone into public life as office-seekers. But the mischief goes further. The more fortunate or more astute members of this band of political lawyers work their way into the ministry. In the Liberal cabinets which held office from the General Election in 1905 to the reconstruction of last summer this element was predominant. Lawyers held the seals of the most important departments, and their views coloured the entire administration. The Prime Minister was a lawyer, so was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so was the minister who had recently exchanged the office of First Lord of the Admiralty for that of Home Secretary, so was the Colonial Secretary, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and so not long before had been the Secretary for War. In the Coalition Government the influence of the lawyer caste has been to some extent counteracted by the introduction of statesmen like Lord Curzon, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Bonar Law, who represent other forms of public and political activity. But the legal strain is still prominent both in the Cabinet itself and among the minor ministers, and it remains true that the greatest war in all history has been conducted, so far as Great Britain has been concerned, by a Government of lawyers. The public instinct is not at fault when it ascribes a good deal of the hesitation and want of vigour which have characterised our strategy and diplomacy to this cause.

Nobody would be likely to deny that the practitioners who rise to eminence at the Bar, and thence ascend to the high places of politics, are as a rule men of ability. They have had to hold their own, and make their way upwards from the ranks, in severe competition with many other clever men. The successful lawyer-politician no doubt possesses many enviable qualities of intellect and character, and in his own place he is a very useful member of the community. But his virtues and attainments do not specially qualify him for the conduct of political affairs, and in some respects they are even adverse to his efficiency in that sphere of activity. Neither the legal nor the judicial temper adapts itself quite easily to administrative business. Caution, deliberation, the neglect of every appeal to passion or emotion, an almost exaggerated reverence for precedent, a determination to be affected by

nothing but what can be proved by actual evidence, are the prime virtues of a judge. It is his business to preserve so far as he can a rigid balance between opposing interests, and to decide nothing except after prolonged deliberation and a meticulous scrutiny of the arguments on both sides.

To be too coldly and even pedantically logical is a venial fault in a judge; it is perhaps in the nature of a merit. The ideal judicial temper would approximate rather closely to that which is illustrated in the famous old story of Buridan's Ass, an animal, it will be remembered, of a temper so severely reasonable that, when placed between two bundles of hay of absolutely equal dimensions and quality, he could not decide to begin eating either of them, and so, in the midst of plenty, perished of starvation. I have never encountered a human being embarrassed by the same excess of the logical faculty, except once, and that was when paying a visit to a lunatic asylum. I was introduced to a patient who suffered from what was described as a paralysis of the will-power. He was incapable of any action except under some external stimulus. He would sit for hours at a time with his trousers in his hand, unable to decide which leg he should insert into the garment first. He informed visitors in confidence that all the people about him were mad, and that he was the only thoroughly reasonable person in the establishment. In a sense he was right. If a man's actions were determined by reason alone, most of us, in more important matters than that of the toilet, would constantly find ourselves in the position of my unfortunate friend.

The judicial mind does not go to such inconvenient extremes, but it does cultivate a certain tendency in that direction. It allows, and it ought to allow, much larger weight to the dictates of reason than is possible in the ordinary conduct of affairs. It is right that a judge should hold himself as far as possible impervious to other considerations. But outside the serene and necessarily artificial atmosphere of the tribunals we do not act in this fashion. In the great, as well as in the small, things of life, in love, politics, business, we cannot decide upon purely rational grounds. If we did we should in most cases never decide at all, or, at any rate, our decisions would come too late

for effective action. We have to work in a kind of half light, grasping such facts as are really essential, ignoring those which are secondary, and generally reaching our conclusions by a complicated process in which instinct, emotion, and subconscious knowledge play the leading parts. The difference between the successful and the unsuccessful man of action is not that the former reasons more profoundly than the latter, but that he is able to seize the realities of a situation more firmly, and to act upon his understanding with a swifter energy and a more comprehensive judgment. The judicial temperament, so valuable in its legitimate sphere, is rather a detriment than an advantage to the general or the statesman. We want our judges, or our potential judges, in the courts, not in the senate.

And the same may also be said of that kind of capacity which leads to success at the Bar. The forensic training is by no means a good preparation for the practical business of politics, and more particularly for the work of administration. For the advocate, like the judge, is essentially a man of words, forms, and arguments. In other active occupations we have to know how to do certain definite things. The barrister is engaged chiefly in talking about them. It is his business to obtain as quickly as possible a sufficient mastery of the facts in order to present them plausibly and effectively to persons who, like himself, are not closely acquainted with their real nature. His success is decided by his capacity to make a good case, not to make a good thing. If it is my business in life to sell, let us say, tin buckets or bowler hats, it is necessary for me to know everything that is to be known about those commodities, to realise what Plato would have called the Idea of a bucket or a hat, and to have studied that idea in its relation to human nature. I shall be a prosperous trader or a bankrupt according as I have been able to ascertain precisely what kind of pails or hats a large number of persons require, and in so far as I succeed in fulfilling their desires at a price which will leave me a suitable profit. But if a learned counsel should happen to be brought into contact with these things he does not really acquire that intimate knowledge which can alone mould the character to certainty in action. The Idea of

the tin pail is not in his soul; he does not live with bowler hats. All that is necessary is that he should obtain such a superficial acquaintance with them as may enable him to persuade a dozen persons, who are as much amateurs in hats or pails as he is, that A's productions in this kind are better or worse than B's, or that B has been charging A too much for them or too little.

But this process of interrogation, argument, discussion, and elaborate equilibration is fatal to the conduct of practical affairs. There you must act, and act quickly, and act often on imperfect knowledge. You cannot wait till all the facts are before you, and until every possible argument pro and con has been weighed. And if you did so you would not be able to arrive at those rapid conclusions on which action must be based. Reason must prevail in the law courts and in the laboratory; but in life it is Will that must rule. You could not manage a railway, or a grocer's shop, or a seaside lodging house, on the principles that are enforced in the law courts. Still less can you manage an army or a nation. These are essentially enterprises of what is called business—that is, of the adaptation of human faculty to action of some kind. For this the lawyer is temperamentally unfit, and one might almost go so far as to say that the better the lawyer the greater his unfitness.

Moreover, his lack of fitness in the future is likely to be more clearly demonstrated than it has been in the past. The ascendancy of lawyers in our councils has been to some extent justified by the evolution of our political history. For three centuries our politics have been very largely an affair of developing and reshaping the constitutional machinery. It has been our good fortune to achieve our national unity much earlier than the Continental nations; and our insular position has permitted us, except at intervals, a large exemption from those struggles for sheer existence in which our rivals have been so largely engaged. Politics in Great Britain much more than elsewhere has been legislation. In the nineteenth century the course of English history presented itself as a kind of orderly growth, promoted and fostered by assiduous law-making. The great historians of the Whig and Liberal school were always explaining to us how our Constitution

had been gradually and peacefully transformed; and they were chiefly interested in tracing out the process whereby the centre of political power had been successively shifted from the autocratic monarchy to the aristocracy, and then from the aristocracy to a mercantile and land-owning oligarchy, and finally to the mass of the electorate. Tennyson in his panegyric of Queen Victoria could tell us how:—

> "Statesmen at her councils met,
> Who knew the seasons, when to take
> Occasion by the hand, and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet."

We were preoccupied with such things as parliamentary reform, franchise reform, municipal reform, poor-law reform, fiscal reform, and so forth; and it was round such movements as these that the drama of our party politics gathered. In this the lawyer very naturally played a conspicuous *rôle*. Our constitution was impregnated with legal ideas, and our political activity ultimately resolved itself into legislation. The successful parliamentarian was not the master of executive action but the designer of attractive projects of law, or the magnetic orator who could recommend them to the great jury of the electorate. For such purposes the assistance of the lawyer-politician was indispensable, and here, with all his limitations, he cannot be said to have been out of his place.

Constitutional reform has not ended; there are still some things to be done, such as the completion of the Irish revolution, the reconstruction of the Upper Chamber, and the creation of a true Imperial organ of government. But our interest is turning to other themes. Politics is ceasing to be an "organised quarrel" between parties over projects of legislation and changes in the governmental machinery. The age of embittered contests upon franchise Bills and Parliament Bills and Home Rule Bills is passing over. Even in domestic affairs matters of a different kind claim our attention. Social and economic reform will demand the first place. How to adjust the relations of the different orders in the great hierarchy of modern industry; how to give labour a larger share of the results without weakening the productive energy of capital; how to increase the total output of a nation

weighed down by the colossal burden of an unprecedented war-debt; how to provide a living wage for every willing worker and equal opportunities for all classes; how to combine individual freedom with the stricter national organisation demanded by modern conditions—these are among the complicated problems presented to our statesmanship.

They are not problems with which lawyers are specially trained to grapple; and outside the circle of domestic politics we have to deal with matters still more alien from their studies and their pursuits. The War has taught us that the struggle between nations for power or for sheer existence may be resumed at any moment. For decades to come international relations and military efficiency must continue to be our most urgent preoccupations. Governments and parliaments, however interested they may be in social amelioration and domestic reform, must devote unremitting attention to diplomacy, military administration, and the consolidation and effective utilisation of the national resources. The years before us will be full of the echoes of this war. It will be the duty of statesmen in all countries to guard against a repetition of the appalling conflict, and yet to be prepared for that disaster if it should occur. At the best we can only hope that the contest will be transferred from the military to the economic field. Great fiscal unions and commercial alliances will have to be compacted and maintained; rival groups of States will fight each other, or aid each other, by tariffs and trusts and syndicated capital if not by army corps and battleships.

In all this there is small scope for the peculiar aptitudes of the lawyer. His technical knowledge will be required for certain definite purposes. He will be asked to advise upon the drafting of Acts of Parliament, and upon the construction of international treaties, and of those large commercial contracts and conventions which will be arranged between the Governments. But in the main these transactions must be left in other hands. It is not the lawyer but the strategist, the military administrator, the diplomatist, the economist, the banker, the engineer, the manufacturer, the expert in production and market conditions, the financier, the labour organiser, who

will or should play the chief part in the direction of affairs. More than ever the government of nations will be a matter of business; and it is the business temperament and the business character, not those of the forensic orator or the judicial pundit, which will be called into play. It is the man of action we want, not the man of words; and parliaments and cabinets largely composed of the latter would be likely to prove as ineffective in peace as in war itself.

So the legal hierarchy ought to be eliminated from our politics, or, at any rate, shorn of its undue influence. This, as I have pointed out, is largely the result of the excessive prestige and importance which have gathered round the English Bar owing to the concentration of business in the London courts. Much would be accomplished if this monopoly were broken down by such a decentralisation of justice as many law reformers have urged. In most other countries litigants can have their causes tried, and their disputes adjusted, in the neighbourhood of their own homes, without being compelled to transport themselves and their array of witnesses to a possibly distant capital. There seems no reason why residents in Northumberland or in Cornwall should be obliged to bring their causes for trial in London. If it is not desirable to establish permanent branches of the High Court in such great centres of population and industry as Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, and Bristol, it might at least be possible to make more use of the county courts, which administer justice cheaply and effectually all over the country so far as the limits of their powers permit. Mr. Harold Cox suggests, as others have done, that the jurisdiction of these tribunals should be enlarged, and that the county court judges should have at least alternative authority to deal with many of the civil actions which now come before the courts of first instance in the Strand.

It is also worth consideration whether the distinction between the two branches of the legal profession should be maintained. The inability of the client to deal directly with his counsel may be convenient for the latter and undoubtedly adds to his professional importance, but it does not conduce to the rapid and economical transaction of legal business. The rules of the Bar trade union, which may or may not

have been necessary in the past, should be relaxed, and the profession should be assimilated to others to which admission can be gained by any properly qualified person. Reforms of this nature would no doubt tend to diminish the emoluments of the leaders of the Bar, though on the other hand they would probably enable a much larger number of capable practitioners to obtain a fair living. There is really no reason, in the nature of things, why barristers should be put on an altogether different footing from, let us say, surgeons and physicians; or why they should be clothed with all sorts of exceptional privileges, and surrounded by a kind of prestige which does not attach to other professional men, who are at least equally useful servants of the community.

But another and a serious difficulty remains. Even if we break up the legal ring, and diminish the swollen legal incomes which indirectly place so heavy a charge on the national revenue, it will not be easy to keep the lawyer out of politics. It is not in Great Britain alone that he is apt to get into public assemblies and assume a large share in their direction. Popular election clears the way for the man who cultivates the faculty of ready and fluent speech. In France, America, and our self-governing Dominions, the lawyer-politician, if less influential than he is with us, is also prominent. Among ourselves he has largely superseded the old governing class—the members of the territorial and land-owning aristocracy.

The natural successors of this ruling oligarchy would be the leaders of the commercial and industrial interests and the active professions. But against them the lawyer has many advantages in the contest of the platform and the caucus. His chief competitor in some Continental countries is the journalist, who has most of his own qualities and defects. For he, too, is a man of words rather than of things, and with him also it is the main function of life to talk about action rather than to act. In France, where the literary tradition is far stronger than it is ever likely to be with us, the capable publicist finds it as easy to ascend to the cabinet as the brilliant advocate. In England, journalists and professors being rather poorly paid, naturally do not enjoy that public esteem which the practical Briton reserves for those who make, or are

supposed to make, large incomes. With us the real rival of the political lawyer is the trade union delegate, the astute managing person with a glib tongue who bosses the labour societies, and turns from the exertions of the factory and the workshop to the more remunerative pursuit of politics. He at least brings some qualities which the lawyer lacks to our councils, though he is, as a rule, too ignorant and too limited in his outlook to add perceptibly to their dignity or their efficiency. The crux for democracy is to discover how to commit its affairs to men who combine high personal character with administrative talent and wide knowledge of practical affairs. It is on the successful solution of this question that our destinies, in the iron age of conflict and competition which lies before us, are likely to depend.

War and the Democratic Attitude

By Austin Harrison

When good soldiers fail, the Germans say, it is "from the head that the fish stinks"; now in a Democracy, of course, nothing succeeds like success. These are the two great principles at clash in the war, and the weakness of the one is the strength of the other. The strength of Germany and her allies is this head, the single eye, the single direction, the swift sufficiency of her gigantic war machine as the result of decades of thoughtful preparation, system, discipline, and organisation applied nationally, always with a definite object in view, always on tried military principles. Individual opinion, expediency, interest, politics—these essentially democratic reasons have no existence in the German stratocracy, which aims first and foremost at the perfection of the head, which, of course, is the ideal way to wage war.

The German organism at war is like a Japanese box. Every man, all things, all utilities and necessities are scheduled, regulated, apportioned, and systematised, fitting in the one with the other, so forming a complete whole vested in the State, which again is vested in the military arm under the sole direction of the soldiers. We call it Militarism. It probably is the most tremendously efficient, single, and national weapon known in history. Its fate is now our destiny. Whether we like it or not, it is to-day our business to defeat and destroy that weapon or ourselves kow-tow to its authority.

Theoretically, we are bound to win. On the ratio of population the Entente advantage is as great as $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. On paper all the latent forces of war are with us; thus wealth, the reserve of men and material, genius, and, through our mastery of the seas, the entire reserve supplies of the world, actual and potential. By any law of equality

the Germans are destined to be defeated, for the odds from man-power downwards are against them; indeed, so true is this that we may say, without the smallest boastfulness, that if we don't win it will not only be our own fault, but our most certain deserts.

When war broke out the English common sense realised that instinctively. Our former pro-Germans began to psalmodise—"be kind to Germany"—and some of them were so distressed they left the Cabinet. The rest, seeing only the numerical superiority of the Entente, prated glibly about dividing the Austro-German Empire up into political packets, and in the "steam-roller" quite ninety per cent. of the people in these isles thought they had found the convenient expression and instrument of victory.

They forgot the head, which is not the hydra of a Democracy governed by consent, which means that there is no government; and they forgot that expediency, which is the principle of Democracy, is the antithesis to military efficiency, which in these days is not conditioned by bravery, but by those very principles and essentials which individualism abhors and Democracy, which has no system, finds most repellent to its philosophy. And so it has been from the outbreak of war. All the time Democracy, with its panaceas—voluntaryism or casual effort, individualism, get-rich-quick, conscientious objection, secularism, schism, disintegration, national ease, insularity, ignorance, and inertia—all the time, invariably and inevitably, Democracy has been "too late." We rose to the occasion with our traditional greatness. We did what we could and far more than we expected to. If example won wars, then assuredly we might add example to the latent forces in our favour, but, unfortunately, example is only as the goodwill of a business, just as good as it is worth, and no better.

Shred by shred our peace-time wrappings have been discarded. "Too late" has proved even too strong an argument for what we fondly but foolishly regarded as the fastness of British liberty—the right of opinion in war. Again our common sense has triumphed. Compulsion has come for the best of all reasons, because it had to come.

Face to face with our historical continuity, our patriotism has not failed. Nowhere have the unled people, struggling with their insularity, failed. If we have come in always too late, it is not their fault. The cause of our remissness, our failures, lies in Britain's leaders, and it lies with them because the principle of Democracy, and so the standard and test of power or popularity, is expediency.

This can be proved again and again. Take the Gallipoli disaster. The men have won immortality; the author or authors of that expedition and its leaders have lost every vestige of reputation. Now that it is over, let there be no criticism. Yet this must be said. In Sir Ian Hamilton's report the cause of our failure was indecision. "Insuperable reasons" were discovered—too late. The head was wrong, though the spirit was glorious. Now, in Nelson's days, the head was right. And that is the difference and our difficulty. Again, take compulsion. Mr. Asquith solemnly pledged his word never to introduce it. As usual, too late, he does introduce it—to find that England is not only ready for it, but positively pleased that at last a decision has been reached. Nothing illustrates more clearly our weakness in war as this revelation of Britain's spirit. The people are far in advance of their leaders, naturally and professionally timid, slovenly, unimaginative, and ignorant of the first necessities of war. It is the head of our fish that is rotten, and necessarily so. Our leaders are peace-time politicians. Only the chance of our constitution enables them to stick to their posts. In war the corollary of "Wait and see" is too late. They are too late because in peace it is their political business to be late, not, that is, to lead, but to await the inspiration. A people which wages war like that is simply running on its chances.

If we examine the attitude of Labour towards compulsion we find the same anomaly. Over the body of Keir Hardie, a double-conscriptionist walks into Parliament in the teeth of Labour Ministerial opposition. Yet these same Labour Ministers vote shortly afterwards for the Bill. They have learnt their lesson, that is all. Timid, out of real touch with the spirit of the times, they did not think Englishmen thought so nationally. Politics. The head, this

time of Labour, was wrong, nothing more. It was too late. Mr. Henderson, who opposed Stanton, changes his mind a few weeks later in the approved manner of political party expediency. He has had to learn from the men he is supposed to lead. The sails of England are full, an astute man, Mr. Henderson, yields to expediency. He knows that military necessity is the only thing now that matters. This time he is right. The majority is on his side. He drops Mr. Winstone for the patriot, Stanton.

Always it is the same story from August, 1914. The Press has to force the Government to intern the enemy; to see to the defence of London; to prevent cotton from passing into Germany; to whip up the authorities to provide the necessary munitions. The latest scandal in this connection is the so-called blockade which our feeble and philanthropic Government is desperately seeking to run by compromise and formulæ, instead of handing it over to the properly constituted power—the Navy. Why do these things happen? The answer is simply—political principle. Because Mr. Asquith and his Party *insist upon civil authority* in war, and refuse to leave military and naval matters, which they don't understand, to the soldiers and sailors whose profession it is to deal with them.

It is here that the source of all our weakness lies. The war is being run by civilians, men who even in peace are temperamental theorists and idealists, and professionally compromisers. War to them is an excrescence, hindering their natural utilities, which are politics. Since the beginning of the war they have winged our Navy; always afraid of decision, of action, of anticipation. Inevitably. They are lawyers. War to them is Chinese, They don't understand it, and never will. The figure-heads of Democracy, they hold their positions on popularity, which means that they don't govern or lead, but wait as Quakers await the inspiration. Civilian control is their ideal and their principle. Their power is the vote or opinion. Their greatest fear is that the soldiers and sailors may assume the direction of affairs, which would deprive them of this authority. Now, civilian control in war is contrary to all the lessons of military history.

The result of this civilian control is that *responsibility* is non-existent. They tried to destroy it even in the Navy by abolishing courts-martial. Soldiers and sailors go, but the politicians remain. Mr. Asquith, for instance, has contradicted himself solemnly on half-a-dozen occasions about compulsion. But to politicians self-contradiction is a virtue. It is proof of pliancy, they think. It is the democratic custom. The last thing that occurs to them is that in war government by fits and starts is fatal and apt to be catastrophic.

The exclusion of Ireland from the Bill is a flagrant instance of this government by expediency. Fear was the motive, as a Minister has explained. Fear! A pretty confession for the British Government to make in the seventeenth month of the war, the knowledge of which might at least have been withheld from our enemy. And so with the "conscientious objectors." What is all this poppycock of Ministers who tell us now that we "are within little of a great success" when we were faced with a great disaster, and now ingenuously admit to "fear"—political fear—in the home? It is the result of civilian control: that control which talked of saving Serbia and did nothing till General Joffre came over to force us to; that control which has made our blockade the joke of America; that control which two years before the war shrived its conscience before the "spiritualism" of Germany; that control which deals in feathers and protestations according to party political usage, and has lost us one advantage after another in the war from the day of the still unexplained and militarily unexplainable policy—for it must in the circumstances be ascribed to a policy, seeing that the sailors responsible were exonerated from blame—which allowed the *Goeben* to steam into the Golden Horn and so forfeit the perfectly obtainable neutrality of Turkey and, through Turkey, of all the Balkan peoples.

After the German victories last summer in Russia the cry went forth for a "Man." But people forgot that in a Democracy there cannot be a "Man," as otherwise it would be an autocracy, and that the men who "govern" in a

Democracy are necessarily only the figure-heads of fashion or popularity, who do not, and are not supposed to, lead in the military sense at all. So that cry found no echo. To-day we talk of "revolutionary" committees. They come up, like mushrooms, in "pub" and drawing-room. Men ask one another: "What revolutionary committee do you belong to?" They are signs and safety valves. Men let off steam at these gatherings. Probably every day of the week the twenty-two are voted in a dozen rooms to perdition. Hot air! The constitution, unwritten, inscrutable as the Sphinx, awes and contains them. "We cannot shake these incorrigible twenty-two," men say. Of course they cannot. There is no responsibility. Ministers break word as easily as a monkey breaks a nut. Sensation follows sensation, so that we now open the papers to see what is the latest *gaffe*. To be sure, the revolutionary sense is dead in England, dead as Free Trade. There is no precedent for military government, no alternative, the would-be revolutionist explains; and truly we have moved a long way from Cromwell, who handled politicians "at push of pike." So the "Too lates" have it. "Mr. Asquith is stronger this week," men say. "Will Simon bring them down?" Poor gentle Sir John! What an unkind fate it was that placed so estimable a lawyer in a Cabinet which had to conduct war! And he, too, of whom they say: "He would have been Prime Minister"!

Or we ask each other the questions of the hour: "Have you seen a copy of the Danish Trading Agreement?" "Did you read the (suppressed) appendices of the recent American Note?" "Do you know the names of the German Companies trading in England?" "Can you understand why they don't do something to organise shipping so as to reduce freights?" "Have you heard the latest about the 'Freedom of the Seas' policy?" "Do you think anyone is really responsible for the defence of London?" etc., etc., and one man says this and another that, and nearly a year after Mr. Belloc had satisfactorily shot off a half of the total German effectives, spruce Mr. Tennant shatters our illusions by estimating the total German losses at two and a half millions—which, of course, is fairly correct.

These are the difficulties of our insular Democracy in war. The top men in peace are all the wrong men in war, and naturally, seeing that for the most part they rose to their positions in the cloudland of peace idealism, which is the negation of action or war. Thus, in the gravest hour in European history, *we alone* in Europe refuse to be professional. Fashionable novelists and poets become our military "experts," to the laughter of the world. Lawyers govern, interfering with the Army and the Navy, or successful politicians start madcap expeditions; lip-service rules, dictates, and obfuscates the public vision as in the good old days of blather before the war. So far we have learnt little. Everybody knows it. Wherever we go we jostle against the appeal for a man, for men, for government or decision, for the puking and purging of our old peace bag of tricks, the old models, the old mannequins, the old curmudgeony—bingos of insular self-satisfaction.

Meanwhile the single Head of the enemy pursues his single course. Yesterday it was Serbia, to-day it is Montenegro. "A Bishop," the Hun will report, as he inks out Mount Lövken from his General Staff map, while here we console ourselves with the notion that money will enable us shortly to begin our "castle-ing." It is an illusion. Money never yet won a war. A people of 100,000,000 will not be starved into submission; they certainly won't be with the sham blockade of England's humanitarian lawyers: who are more afraid of the Irish than of the enemy, and have got themselves in a sad tangle over sea-power through their saintly ignorance of war and their silly talk of "militarism" and the "last war" and what not other catchword hot from the electioneering still-room where they bottle the nards and spices of Democracy and bake the cakes and jam puffs of the electorate.

It is lucky for the lawyers we are all confirmed Mark Tapleys, and that so many of us are making such a lot of money; otherwise even the Democratic ticket might run amok in the welter and turmoil of forcing the Government to "get on with the war," as we say wearily at each fresh scandal. "After all, we can't make many more mistakes

now," a diplomat said to me the other day. Or, as an airman put it, "They are too deuced clever," and then he justified his statement by telling the story of how "we," at the instance of "they," had taken in a zealous M.P., who went aeroplane (Defence of London) inspecting, and never knew that he had inspected the same machines in *different* places twice over.

A plane is faster than a car running under police-trap regulations. "I confess I cannot see the joke," interjected a well-known war lecturer, and for the first time I agreed with him, though not for the same reason. "What is fun for you is death to me," I quoted from the fable, whereat the popular war lecturer grew quite magnetically wrathful. Fortunately, our hostess came to the rescue. "I thought," she said, "I thought *Sea and Air* had told us the Germans hadn't any more petrol."

Truly, the problems of Democracy fighting under Radical rules, or the catch-as-catch-can method, are bewildering, and but for the patriotism of a section of the Press would have proved disastrous. But the spirit of the country has carried us through the ordeal, and to-day there is no longer any question of the will or unity of "us." It is a great victory. Our acceptance of compulsion is the most determined thing we have yet done nationally. The danger is "they": who have even so far recovered confidence as to fill up the superfluous folio of the Duchy of Lancaster. The "Inner Council" has once more etiolated into a committee meeting. Lord Haldane still dances Columbine in and out of the "wings" of Downing Street, just as the German, or presumably now naturalised German, band of four musicians appears regularly in my street on Thursday mornings to vent upon us its stereotyped repertory of "Rule Britannia!", "God Save the King," and "The Lost Chord," and then shakes out its trumpets.

All the same, the hour of quickening is at hand. Somehow, the gentlemen who conduct war by committees, compromise, and cold comfort must be induced to take a few necessary decisions, if we are to win the war and impose our own conditions, and somehow I believe even that

miracle will come to pass if those who can see through the fog and have sufficient impersonal patriotism press on for its consummation. The war will be decided on the field of battle, in no other way. As before said, we possess all the means to win, and win outright; it will depend whether we utilise our resources, and very particularly our brains; that is our problem. There is no other.

England—one can speak confidently of England again, now that Britain, owing to the defection of Ireland, is a misnomer—has proved her spirit, her readiness, her determination; all to-day that remains to be done is the sweetening of the Head. Two principles only are needed, for once we get them we shall be fighting, for the first time, on sound military lines. They are responsibility and government. It is for Parliament to enforce the first, the People to inspire the other. We can secure these conditions bit by bit, thrust by thrust, through the usual machinery at the disposal of Democracy, but it is a slow process and a devious route, and there may be many pitfalls on the way, though, on the other hand, could Parliamentarians but brace themselves to the endeavour, it might not unlikely prove to be a mere matter of technique and a little moral courage. Or we can obtain the national need, like soldiers. By crying "thumbs down" on civilian control, and so hand over the business of the war on land to the soldiers, and that on the seas to the sailors.

Quite so. Militarism, which is the only safe way to fight. In short, fight the Germans like Germans. Democracy is willing. Our pacifists, agitators, cranks, and "orators" can't salt the tail of the "blue bird" of war with its bonuses and Whitehall munitions wages, against which even the speculum of the U.D.C. cannot find the toxin for a "pure culture." War pays. But war will pay trebly if we win. That is Mr. Snowden's trouble and our hope. It is why we mean to win. It is the reason why we must not permit our amateurs to spoil or muddle our chances.

England, Music, and—Women

By Ethel Smyth

Two years ago it would have seemed to me waste of time to discuss musical topics in England; this country, once the leading musical nation in Europe, was producing little or nothing, and most people professed to see in the enormous amount of concert programmes printed yearly and garnished chiefly with foreign names a proof that we were getting "more and more musical." As well might sterile parents adopt alien children and cry: "See how we are increasing the population"! No one seemed to understand that music is a complex civilisation we once possessed, have lost, and shall never recover until we win back the state of mind from which great art can spring.

The public action and outlook of a country are the essence of its spirit, and for many years it has been obvious that all was not well with England. Think of the politician: at worst a liar and time-server, at best a cipher, in all cases a person whose honour is rooted in the dishonourable ethics of the Party System, and whose divorce from any but the baser forms of reality is complete. Think of the Church: not poor in good men, yet as a body quick to compromise with evil; by turns torpid and canny. Think of the Press: flavoured to suit a generation that has never heard the word "duty," and whose gospel is "ninepence for fourpence." As for those who govern us, there is a proverb that a fish begins to rot at its head; on Marconi day even the most self-complacent realised that something we thought an unalienable heritage had passed out of English public life. And England said much, . . . but did nothing.

My contention is that as long as *qualities of passion*, such as enthusiasm, patriotism, moral courage, sense of duty, and so forth, play no part in the national scheme, it is vain to pray for the re-birth of a lost art. For art is a passion-flower: think how Scotland blazed into music to welcome Prince Charlie! And as I believe that nothing but tragedy could give us back the clean, simple things

without which there can be no sound national life, I am thankful for this war—a terrific upheaval that may break up the old, sour soil and give good seed a chance.

The moment, then, is with us, and wherever else he may be lacking, in music we have the man; one who saw his opportunity and pounced; who, thanks to his peculiar genius combined with circumstances that free him from the necessity of trimming his sails, is an ideal stimulant for the torpid, and flail for the prejudiced. Again and again you will see this bold horseman ride the public at fences that stubborn, stiff-legged animal neither wished to tackle nor dreamed it could surmount; and lo! after a while the spirit of Pegasus informs its bosom, and it begins to like the game. I fancy Sir Thomas Beecham may tread other paths later on; it would not in the least surprise me if he were to die Astronomer-Royal, Prime Minister, or even Archbishop of Canterbury. But I think he will stick to music long enough to lay the foundation of a musical civilisation for us.

I have wondered all my life how it happened that a people gifted with exquisitely fine ears, beautiful voices, and natural technical facility came to lose this art. Literature has always been with us, and there have been great schools of painting, but since Purcell's time no music. One day a remark of Hermann Bahr, the Austrian writer, gave me a clue. He was talking of people you meet in trains, and said, "I should never dare ask a countryman of mine if the mountains were not looking splendid, for as likely as not the wretched man would begin explaining that he didn't admire mountains himself, that what he really liked was flat landscapes, and so on. Now the Englishman, a really civilised being, perceives my remark was a bit of ritual, and gives the right response: 'Yes, very fine.'" I told Bahr I once heard an English wife say to her husband: "If you think anyone knows what tune you are whistling, you're mistaken"; and the reply was, "I don't *wish* anyone to know what tune I am whistling." Bahr was delighted, and said it was England in a nutshell.

Now I quite admit there is much to admire in this instinctive discounting of one's own personal preferences as a matter of small importance, but after all music is an art of exteriorisation; if you constantly repress feeling you

end by having none, or at least it gets buried so deep that when the time comes you can't get at it. Nothing shall persuade me that in Elizabethan times the hall-mark of the Anglo-Saxon was reserve, impassivity, and understatement, as it is to-day; and I wonder whether, during the evolution of this culture Bahr so much admires, song gradually froze to death?

It is a significant fact that opera has never found a home in England; how should this art appeal to a people growing more and more averse to personal ebullitions and making a fuss? If you needed an emotional outlet there was oratorio, where irreproachable sentiments may be uttered in unison with five hundred other people. How safe, how impersonal, how decent! Later, when it became obvious that other nations couldn't get on without opera, of course we had to have it too; and the way we set about it proved our grasp of the subject. Needless to say, it appeared among us in the familiar garb of financial enterprise, which means that box-office considerations reign supreme. Now in countries where opera is a real need the public demands both fine performances and plenty of novelties. Hence the subvention, for out of 100 new works barely 5 come to stay, and the useless outlay on the 95 has to be covered somehow. But as the Opera House is looked upon as a reservoir through which a constant stream of fresh water must flow and not as an old tank, the public cheerfully backs the bill.

Do English people realise that we are the only nation in Europe that refuses to make any sacrifice for this complex and costly art that cannot possibly be worthily practised without subsidy? Is it not incredible that no statesman has dared to ask the richest city in the world to put its hand into its pocket and endow a National Opera House in London? The grant to the British Museum is £300,000 a year. I once heard a Cabinet Minister explain it was because this comes under the head of education, whereas music is considered an amusement. (What did I say about a lost civilisation?) If inclined to frankness, he might have added that in the case of manuscripts, mummies, and pictures you have something to show for your money, but a fine performance . . . once it is over, what have you to show for that?

Well, we got what we deserved, namely, . . . Covent Garden! I hope the war has finally killed that unspeakable institution, but how like it to have achieved the unmerited honour of a military funeral! Otherwise there was and is nothing but sporadic outbursts of opera in London, and small travelling companies, doomed to flit like locusts from one spot of the desert to another. And as variety is an expensive article and England conservative to the verge of imbecility the changes are rung on a few popular works, some of which are masterpieces possible to produce decently on a small scale, while others have to be mutilated to fit the frame. Nothing is farther from my mind than to speak slightingly of these companies; it is their zeal and pluck that have kept the spark alive throughout the provinces, but . . . it is not the real thing.

Can it be wondered at, then, if those of us whose bent is music-drama gravitate towards countries where there is a living operatic tradition? There, instead of being a terror furtively concealing a score you are a client bringing possible grist to a busy mill, and if your work is accepted you can count (except in crises like the Boer War, as I found out to my cost) on its being decently, even reverently, handled. There art is a sacred thing, and long habit has taught directors that, as Angelo Neumann put it, adequate preparation and success are synonymous terms. An extreme statement, of course; what he meant was that just as a bad production can ruin a masterpiece, so nothing but clever casting and unlimited rehearsal can ensure its success. The days and hours the Russians will spend over the perfection of detail staggered all who saw it, but we English want to have the goods without paying the price, and so there is a silent conspiracy to ignore the vital necessity of ample rehearsing. If a novelty of any kind, not only an operatic one, fails to produce an impression, no one suggests that the performance may have been inadequate; it is always the fault of the composer.

There is no surer proof of genuine and living love of art than curiosity, no deadlier symptom than the lack of it, especially when combined, as so often happens, with besotted admiration of the classics. In Vienna, the most musical town I know, the smart and the humble will throng

to sample a work by someone whose name they never heard before; if anyone imagines that listening in London to music threshed out elsewhere does just as well he is mistaken, for nothing educates like assisting at the birth of new ideas. Here in England only two moods are instinctively understood: the suggestion of physical energy (a good mood) and the most nauseating sentimentality of which there are two brands; the amorous, heard in trains on Saturday nights, and the pompous, highly appreciated in the concert-room. I much prefer the former myself, particularly since the restrictions on the sale of liquor. Let us hope the great upheaval will set free many choked streams of genuine emotion; then the public may gradually wean itself from the ditch-water habit.

The practical value of a musical civilisation pans out thus in the world of opera. A work may fall flat at X, but at Z, only fifty miles off, be a huge success, and from thence go the round of the theatres. Music-lovers in X will make a point of seeing the performance at Z, and finding it far better than their own will be furious with their director who has baulked them of the honour of launching the sensation of the year; and the director will have to look to his laurels, for there is a splendid rivalry between these various communities. Thus, by constantly checking and rectifying first impressions, a public trains itself to jump to a new idiom or ethical standpoint, and can even guess whether or no an unknown work is having a fair chance. An English football crowd will see when a half-back has missed his opportunity, but our opera public has not the faintest notion of the game of opera; how should it, having heard nothing but a few classics and one or two modern works hatched elsewhere and borne hither on the wings of boom? (Needless to say, I am not alluding to Sir Joseph Beecham's great achievement, the wholesale transplantation of a foreign art to our shores.)

As regards even production the critical faculty seems non-existent; good and bad performances are equally applauded (a lack of discrimination that perhaps accounts for English cooking); indeed on all sides the ignorance that prevails in matters operatic is disconcerting. The other day young composers were benevolently urged to go to the Shaftesbury, note what the public

likes, and produce a masterpiece on similar lines. One cannot refrain from pointing out that if there were no racecourses you would hardly make a success of breeding thoroughbreds, yet composers are constantly challenged to produce a Derby winner! As for the receipt recommended, surely an individual outlook is the first condition of a masterpiece, and we know that even in musically civilised countries originality is apt to affront; for which reason the public too often began by hating what it now loves. *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, and many other box office trumps fell flat at first and retired to the cupboard for years. Another thing: this being, as I have said, the most complex of arts, the launching of a new opera is a delicate and risky operation. A sore throat, a row in the Town Council, a blizzard, the falling of a conductor off the top of a tramcar (a musical conductor I mean!) are incidents that in my own experience have tripped up new works on the threshold. When I was a student the very existence of *Hoffmann* had been forgotten. Suddenly it was revived, I think at Dresden, and achieved a *succès d'estime*; a month later it was produced at Leipzig under the incomparable direction of Mahler. The unanimous verdict was: "Music vulgar, libretto impossible"; and not till some ten years later did *Hoffmann* finally triumph. You who fly to see it whenever it is given, is it possible to believe this? Yet so it was, and the moral is: there is no receipt for writing a work which is at the same time a masterpiece and a certain success.

To revert to conditions here. The worst of a country bereft of tradition is that landmarks and signposts have to be set up. Trade interests thrive on boom, and people must be saved from the dread calamity of admiring the wrong thing. Abroad you get furious partizanship; I was once at a concert given by Schönberg where yells drowned the music, blows were exchanged, arrests made, and finally the lights turned down and the audience ordered to disperse. I never enjoyed a concert so much. But partizanship is quite another thing to nursed and shackled judgment. In England a conductor, a performer, a composer is suddenly and with curious unanimity presented by the authorities with the Triple Crown. Dissent spells heresy, and from henceforth the chosen ones can do no

wrong, with the natural result that they stop growing. Before men of incontestable supremacy criticism falls flat on its stomach. I have heard Nikisch, whom, war or no war, we all love and admire, conduct disgracefully; he had been too busy raking in dollars to study his score, or perhaps too tired to rehearse. Anyhow there it was and no one seemed to notice it. As for Richter, I remember one of many similar occasions. He was conducting a novelty and evidently in trouble; the eyes of the orchestra were on sticks and every brow dew-bedecked. "What's wrong?" I asked the composer. "Merely," he said, "that a bar or two on every page is $\frac{3}{4}$ and he's beating 4 all the time." Next day the newspapers spoke slightingly of this work, which, they said, had been conducted by Dr. Richter in his usual masterly fashion. I venture to say that nowhere else, except perhaps America, could such a thing happen. Or, again, you may often see an English audience bored to death by the work of a triply-starred composer eventually goaded by the frantic efforts of the faithful into a semblance of animation; on one such occasion I watched the gradual return to consciousness and instantaneous plunge into enthusiasm of a great authority who had been slumbering peacefully in the stalls; but perhaps he had been up late the night before. In the end a fair amount of noise will be achieved, but nothing like the frenzy you will read of next day in the Press.

All this humbug and snobbishness must be got rid of before we can hope for better things; that is why it behoves us to thank heaven for Sir Thomas Beecham, who, right or wrong, goes his own way and refuses to toe the line .

In conclusion, a word about music and women. I wish it were possible to say it without referring to myself, but it is not; especially as of late, since Sir Thomas Beecham is producing it, I have been asked why a typically English comic opera, based on a story of Jacobs, was to have had its first performance abroad.

The happier conditions there of which I have spoken had something to do with it, but there is another reason—namely, that wherever the artistic instinct is strong, judgment is objective; consequently, a woman who practises art is just an artist among others. Here, where instinct is weak and prejudice cultivated as a virtue, a

critic's first and last thought in connection with a woman's work is her sex. He may praise or blame, but in either case there is a third thing between him and her work, consequently his light is not dry. You can, with luck, startle him into objectivity for two minutes, just as you can induce a dog to stand on his hind legs, but in less than no time down he is on all fours again. In fact years ago I came to the conclusion I still hold that it is impossible, try as he may, for an Englishman to judge a woman's work at all.

Even in matters which are not, like art, an open question, and can be tested by results, such as laboratory work, gardening, organisation, &c., &c., a strain of condescension runs through all male comment on the activities of "the ladies." To give a recent instance: the report of the pressmen who spent part of November touring the munition factories states that in work never before done by women demanding both skill and strength they have proved not only their equality but their superiority to men (*The Times*, November 16th); also that in many cases their output is rather more than double that of the men (*Manchester Guardian*, November 16th). Rather a serious matter, it seems to me, but in many instances I found it treated as a sort of joke, and the women (whose wages are no joke) patted on the back like children. One of the halfpenny papers summed up the attitude to perfection: a picture of girl grocer-assistants, under which was written, "These women can tie up parcels as neatly as men"—exactly as you would talk of performing dogs or seals!

This testimonial moved me deeply; to such promotion might I too have aspired but for the war; with operas running at two of the leading Opera Houses of Europe I might have finally shed my English title of "our leading *woman* composer"! And yet I doubt it. In the land of the Brontës and Jane Austen George Eliot thought it well to take a masculine pseudonym, and I am certain that if Selma Lagerlöf and Anna de Noailles, two of the greatest living writers, had been Englishwomen they would only have achieved qualified rank in their own country. Some few men might have recognised them as stars of the first magnitude but they

would have kept the awful knowledge to themselves. "The old girl's a wonder," said Mr. Bagnet, "but I never tell her so; *discipline must be maintained*"; the majority preoccupied with the thought that these authors are women, would never have really penetrated their work at all.

When will our men rid themselves of this sex-obsession —so graceful in the adolescent, so hideous in old gentlemen at club windows, but, to say the least of it, out of place in art criticism? You see it at its most rampant in connection with music; if a work is too long it is feminine discursiveness (as if men were always brief and to the point, good Heavens!); if snappy and abrupt it is woman's impatience; but if direct, lucid, and strong, "these are qualities we do not as a rule look for in women."

Now I humbly submit that art is action, constructive action, and without strength no one can build. Probably the qualities of men and women of this breed are identical; certainly all first-line work by women artists has exactly the characteristics of remarkable women all down history. O men, think of Caterina Sforza, Saint Teresa, Catherine of Russia, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Tudor, Joan of Arc, Mrs. Pankhurst, Edith Cavell, . . . every one of them women to the core and strong as steel. Or do you agree with the riding-master who wrote to *The Times* just before the war that in his experience women who ride astride are generally "somewhat manly characters," and added: "I am told Queen Elizabeth did it, but she of course *was not a womanly woman*"! And note how in the case of another on my haphazard list, the re-fashioner of the War Office, the inventor of the modern hospital system and Army transport, the iron-willed organiser and ruthless chastiser of inefficiency has been forgotten in order to sentimentalise at ease over the Lady of the Lamp!

There is literally no end to the nonsense talked on this theme. Someone regretted the other day that up to now woman had failed "to reveal the secret of her sex" in her art: a phrase, I say it again, that could not have been coined out of England. As if all creative spirits were not bi-sexual! But I think I know what was in the writer's mind:

> "Those soft little creatures
> With pert little features
> That flatter and coax are the sort I prefer."

It is the secret of these souls our friend wishes to find revealed in our work. So he will, if he looks carefully (though I think the real thing in human shape would give greater satisfaction) but not that only. Woman's soul is not a one-stringed lute; perhaps he wishes it were! And yet the odd thing is that, having settled to their satisfaction what is womanly, men do not notice that their lives depend on our being something quite different. The other day a porter observed to me of a colleague—there had been an accident—"Why, 'e fainted at the sight of blood, just like a woman." I remarked that if that was our habit we should make poor nurses, even in peace time, and after a wondering pause he said, "That's true. I never thought of that." All my life I have noticed that at times of domestic catastrophe it is not only on woman's tenderness, but, above all, on her strength that men rely. As well they may.

"That's all very well," I hear someone say, "but up to now where are the great women-composers?" My answer is that as long as we are kept out of the rough and tumble of musical life you won't have many.

When a boy leaves the College of Music he jumps straight into the stream. Perhaps he becomes a coach in musical comedy, gets to know the works produced, in an emergency is told to conduct; if music-drama is his bent he has meanwhile learned the whole technique in his stride. Or perhaps he will play in an orchestra; there is no better school of orchestration, even of composition; the whole of musical literature passes across your desk.

Now when her student days are over, a woman, like a man, has to earn her living, but, as every other door is shut against her, the fiery leader of the College band, the composer, perhaps, of the best string quartet of the year, has to teach scales to stupid children in the suburbs. Men give lessons too, but meanwhile they are on the top of the wave of music; strong breezes refresh their spirits and keep them keen. In the soul of the woman the glow gradually dies down, as happens to fires unfed. I met such a one a few days ago, and said to myself with pain: "This is the brilliant young genius I saw ten years ago at the Royal College of Music!" and for the time I felt bitter things about men who thus arrange life for women and then complacently wonder why she is not doing more in music. It

is distressing, but a fact, that when an alien was behind the Queen's Hall Orchestra Sir Henry Wood was able to put through a pet scheme and include women in it. I never heard the strings so warm, brilliant, and dashing as at that time; it was man's soul and woman's blending as they should; perhaps, too, it was a case of generous rivalry. Now that orchestra has Englishmen behind it, and . . . the women have vanished from the scene!

I may sum up the whole situation thus: when a man becomes a Mount Everest in music, remember he is standing on the shoulders of a mighty range; but a woman must needs hurl herself upwards from the dead level by her own volcanic energy. If in the short time that has elapsed since she broke out of the harem where Puritanism had firmly locked her in, she has done well in literature, it is because no one can prevent you from reading and training yourself as a writer in your bedroom. Once a publisher is found (almost impossible for a woman till recent times), a fine book makes its own way. In every other walk of life, artistic, scientific, intellectual—except the stage, since "male and female created He them"—the way is barred by selfishness, prejudice, and professional rings of which the mass-exponents are the Trade Unions. The legal bann is still intact, and I doubt if the "strong" sex could have faced and finally broken down a barrier such as the medical profession held against women, once monopolists in the art of healing. When I am reminded, as often happens, that the best cooks are men, it is with great pleasure I inform my interlocutor that the L.C.C. gives free instruction in the art of cooking to both sexes, but women are not allowed to qualify for more than a certain wage, I think £50—a straw that admirably shows which way the wind blows. Meanwhile, in the rate-collector's office, as in Heaven, there is no discrimination between the sexes.

At this stage I hear another voice, and a very impatient one, exclaim: "Talk of King Charles's head; why, she can't even discuss music without dragging in the Woman's Question." Truly I cannot; nor could Socrates when he was pondering the chances of the regeneration and possible survival of Greece. I started by saying you can have no art-renaissance as long as the public life of your country, which includes its sanctioned outlook, is unsound; and

the attitude of man to woman, based on the Prussian ethic of "might is right," on tyranny, jealousy, and selfishness, is a dangerous anachronism which only too perfectly illustrates our national averseness to facing reality—the quality Ministers had in mind when they started the war by suppressing the truth. Even in the far-off days of peace there were more women than men in England, and, alas! as time goes on the disproportion will grow. At present it looks as if the axe were laid at the root of this determination to keep us in the category of hewers of wood and drawers of water. But if, when the war is over, it is persisted in; if, notwithstanding the fact that every ounce of working power in the country will have to be utilised in order to pay our debts, women are still to be prevented from earning their livelihood in any sphere for which they can prove themselves fit, then you will have a flaw running through the whole system which will bid fair to rob us of the fruits of this terrible ordeal.

That is why the Woman's Question has come into this article, and why to-day, at a moment when minds are not indisposed to consider unfamiliar notions, I have ventured to state a belief I have held for many years—that in a new heart, and nothing short of that, lies our hope of the re-birth of music in England.

Corrupting an Empire

By Raymond Radclyffe

When war broke out the whole nation was at a white heat of enthusiasm. It was prepared to make any sort of sacrifice, submit to any kind of compulsion; surrender all its rights. Rich people discharged their men-servants, and tramped round gasworks with a badge on their arm and a flask in their pocket. The patriotism of the poor was pathetic. They crowded the enlistment offices, and a citizen army of a million men was soon enrolled. The Colonies were even more loyal than the Mother Country. They gave everything they had. But the enthusiasm soon cooled down, and to-day we find a very mild compulsion Bill fought line by line in the House of Commons, whilst in the country the temper of the working class is distinctly unpleasant. Why has this change come over the country? The rich man drinks more champagne than ever; the workman buys jewellery and pianos for his women-folk, and bottles of whisky for himself. The war is not forgotten, but it is now looked upon as a means of livelihood, a way to get rich quick, an easy road to pleasure. All idea of suffering and self-sacrifice has gone and left in its place a selfish desire to make the most out of a conflict which many people think of as a blessing in disguise. The talk is not now of battles, victories, or repulses, but of exports and imports, rates of exchange, prices of commodities, tariffs and taxes. The war is no longer a struggle to destroy the German soldier, but to annex his money. The nation is lashed to fury because it sees the United States shipping hundreds of millions of dollars worth of goods to neutral countries. But it is really angry because a competitor has taken its trade. Mr. Runciman makes a long speech and threatens Germany, not with defeat on the field of battle, but in the counting-house. She is to be crushed, not by 17-inch shells, but by stupendous tariffs. Sir George Buchanan addresses the New English Club in Petrograd and promises a trade

combine between Russia and England which shall settle the hash of the German trader in Russia once and for all. Now these speeches would not be delivered unless they were popular. They are. Everybody, when the war began, was all for kicking the German out of Belgium. That was not found very easy, as someone had forgotten to supply the necessary shells. So the Turk was to be kicked out of Constantinople, which looked a simpler job. But it wasn't, thanks to the fact that the Army and the Navy didn't begin kicking at the same time. To-day the public doesn't want to hear of the war on land and sea. It wants to hear of the awful ruin that will come to our enemies, thanks to an elaborate system of tariffs. I am not going to argue the good and the bad sides of a tariff war. If we could smash the German by a tariff, by all means let us have one, and the bigger the better. But it seems to me, a quite unmilitary person who has dwelt in the City some thirty years, that before we adopt the horrible measures of Mr. Runciman we must beat Germany in the field. We must destroy her armies before we can tackle any trade she may still have when the war is ended. For until her armies are defeated there is always the chance that they may defeat us, and then where will our wonderful tariffs be?

Why has the whole mind of the public dropped from the high-strung and pure patriotic tone it adopted when war began to a lower and more sordid note? The whole blame must be laid upon the political lawyers who govern the country. They did not respond to the passionate outcry for self-sacrifice, economy, and efficiency. They took no measures which by any stretch of the imagination could be called heroic. They closed public-houses a little earlier to please the teetotaler. They darkened the streets of London. But they omitted to provide arms or equipment for the recruits, and they neglected to give the artillery the shells they required. They asked the nation to drink less, but they refused to limit their own supplies in the House of Commons. They preached economy, but declined to cut down their own salaries They refused to declare cotton contraband, or to intern aliens, and only gave way when they found themselves and their salaries in danger. The nation grew tired of nagging. It found the Ministers taking the war in a leisurely fashion; it followed its leaders.

There was much method in the Ministerial policy. Mr. Asquith had the remarkable example of Sir Robert Walpole always before him. Sir Robert kept in office by the very simple process of bribing the members of the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith has kept in office by flooding the country with money. He knows only too well that no prosperous man can long remain discontented. Therefore he allowed millions to flow through the manufacturing districts. The total expenditure is said to be about five millions a day, and perhaps two-thirds of this has been spent in Great Britain. Soldiers were billeted in every town, and every small cottager found it profitable to feed the recruits. There was no fixed scale. Some women got 25*s.* a week for feeding a man, others only got 15*s.*, but even at this price the profit was large. Allowances to married men were on a grand scale, and a poor labourer with seven children found his income doubled the day he joined the colours. Thus the very poorest were made comfortable. Boots, clothing, arms, horses, ammunition, and all the hundred and one necessities for a great army were ordered from factories, and thus the workman was kept fully employed and his wages raised. He could get as much work as he liked, and it is well known that in the North of England a capable mechanic has been able to earn up to £10 a week ever since war was declared. I need hardly point out that the average wages of such a man would not exceed £3 a week even in boom days. The owners of workshops, the proprietors of large factories capable of supplying the goods needed, made fortunes very quickly. War did not pinch them, it caressed them. But there were still large numbers of shops that did not make anything suitable for either Army or Navy. Such places languished until a bright idea struck that acute lawyer, Lloyd George. Why not nationalise such workshops? It was done; and when done there was hardly a factory left in Great Britain that was not twice as well off in war as it was in peace. The newspapers were placated by huge advertisements given out in the most lavish manner by an agent whose services have been rewarded by a knighthood. In their eagerness to spend money the Government gave some papers the same advertisement twice over in the same day and paid twice over. Indeed, the lines upon which the

advertisement campaign was run were the same lines as those which paid a washerwoman 25*s.* for a week's board of a soldier. It speaks well for the honesty of the Press that, in spite of the huge orders at scale rates, many newspapers still continued to criticise. The advertising of the Financial Loans was conducted upon the same extravagant lines as those which asked for recruits. When the war has ended the most stringent inquiry will have to be made into this scandal, as into many others. It was deemed wise, in view of the German population in the United States, to spend large sums in that country also, and huge orders, at fabulous prices, were given out. Every American newspaper is full of lists of orders, presidents of companies boast as to the amount of profits they are making out of the Britisher whose money they take and whose business capacity they sneer at.

The war has been running eighteen months, and about £2,500,000,000 has been disbursed, flung broadcast, wasted in the most wicked manner. The *Economist* analyses each year the reports of 928 companies, with businesses all over the world. The profits of these companies for 1915 only show a decline of 3·2 per cent., as compared with 1914. Even this percentage is somewhat misleading, because the bulk of the losses were made in land and mortgage companies trading abroad; nitrate companies, whose principal customer was Germany; tramway companies abroad; trust companies, whose securities had depreciated. British companies, such as motor-cycle companies, showed an increase of 43·6 per cent. in net profits. Breweries, now under the most savage persecution they have ever experienced, actually increased their net earnings by 4·8 per cent. Iron, coal, and steel companies show an increase in net earnings of 25·3 per cent., but these companies usually write off large sums before arriving at their profits, and, in 1915, used 61·4 per cent. of their gross profits in this way, and even the brewery companies wrote off or placed to reserve 32·4 per cent.; so one gathers that they did not do extremely badly after all. Shipping companies would appear to have done comparatively badly, as they only increased their profits 15·5 per cent. But the *Economist* does not often analyse the reports of small shipping concerns, and it is these that have reaped the golden harvest. Also, in gaug-

ing the prosperity of shipping, we must not forget that only seven companies are included in these statistics, most of them carrying passengers, and that one of these was the Argentine Navigation, which showed a loss of £51,000. We may safely say that the average shipowner has made a huge fortune out of the war. Tea and rubber companies show an increase in profits of no less than 44·4 per cent. The tobacco companies have done splendidly, considering that their figures compare with an unprecedented boom. Carreras, which is outside the Trust, has almost doubled its profits. The Trust does a large trade in enemy countries, and should, therefore, have been severely hit. Yet it made £1,850,000 and paid 22½ per cent., carrying forward £1,148,158. Its South African subsidiary made £26,634 more than in 1914 and raised its dividend to 25 per cent. The Canadian offshoot did not do well, and showed reduced earnings. But it cleared £475,361, which, when we remember that the goodwill is over £5,500,000, and is, of course, water, is not a bad return on the capital actually employed, for its quick assets are only £1,769,713. Boots and shoes have naturally had a wonderful year. Four companies, whose reports have just appeared, made £209,700 in 1914, but they succeeded in earning £318,900 in 1915, or an increase of over 52 per cent. Indeed, these four companies have made records, and I have no doubt that when the other competing companies issue their balance-sheets equally good results will be shown. It is interesting to note that J. Sears and Co., a company only formed a few years ago, but well managed and very successful, has to its credit £54,406 in War Loan and £51,362 in cash, which is not bad for a capital of £350,000. Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, a large firm at Leicester, hold £145,888 in Government securities and £198,648 in cash, but their share capital is only £425,000, and is covered nearly twice over in quick assets. Verily, the making of boots for a complaisant Government is indeed profitable in days of war.

Now I submit with great seriousness that we are on the wrong lines. I cannot consider the huge expenditures which have resulted in such unparalleled prosperity in any way justified. We are at war. It is the most serious business human beings can possibly be engaged upon. We

were wont to pray, "From battle, murder, and sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us." Who would thus pray to-day? Not the shipowner, whose boats earn enough in one voyage to repay the whole cost of the ship. Not the maker of boots, who can see enough profit to apply for £50,000 in War Loan, and still have £50,000 left in his till, when a few years ago that same bootmaker was not earning £20,000 a year. Not the iron and steel maker, who has doubled his profits, but hidden them away under the head of depreciation. Nor the tool-makers, like Greenwood & Batley, of Leeds, who in three months made enough to pay at the rate of 50 per cent., whereas a year or two back the same firm could not pay any dividend at all. But why continue the list of phenomenal profits? We remember the flour millers, Messrs. Spillers & Bakers; Thorneycrofts, the engineers; John Brown & Co., the shipbuilders. They stand out unconcealed, honestly telling the world what they have made. Thousands have hidden their gains. The bald fact that five millions a day has been handed out cannot be hidden, for we all of us must one day foot the bill.

That is where the Government has been so clever. It pays away five millions every twenty-four hours, and knows quite well that not one person in a million will ask where the money comes from and who is going to pay it back.

That is where the Government has been so clever. It pays, knowing that those who get the money will keep their mouths shut, and that as long as the money is poured out the nation will wax fat and smile at such trivial incidents as the abandonment of Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro; the loss of the Pacific Fleet, the retreat from Baghdad, and the horror of the Dardanelles.

But I still believe that England will awake some day and insist upon economy, efficiency, and honesty. We cannot win this war till such an awakening does come—no! not though we spend ten millions a minute and wallow in champagne and motor-cars. No war was ever won by mere waste. But many have been lost through it.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

With the New Year the operatic venture at the Shaftesbury Theatre has advanced another stage—from opera in English to English opera. Two new works have been performed, and before these notes appear in print a third will have been added to the list. These quasi-tentative productions are of great importance to the movement in favour of English music that flickers up fitfully, and as often burns itself out for want of suitable fuel to keep it active. The most hopeful sign about them is their indigenous quality. Even the failure among them is, in a certain sense, national.

Everyman failed because of flaws which are characteristic of our musical taste. Its composer, Madame Liza Lehmann, is a copious purveyor of "best-sellers." She is a recognised adept at the style of song beloved by the public of the ballad concerts. She knows the idiom thoroughly, and has even been clever enough at times to give it a seasoning of freshness without impairing its familiarity, a perfectly plausible paradox, but one that is seldom so well illustrated. Unfortunately for her that idiom is perfectly hopeless in the theatre. Even the tolerant British public found that out long ago. Ballad concerts may still be sure of support, but ballad opera is as dead as mutton, and everyone knows it. The transparent device of making the music continuous does not affect the idiom.

Although *Everyman* does not at the outset suggest operatic treatment, one can conceive of many ways in which its dignity and eloquence could be enhanced to that end. An inspired composer might deal with it symphonically on the lines of a "festival music-drama." Or, better still, he might apply that chastening economy of means which is Latin in spirit, and therefore the artistic antithesis of Wagnerism. The one thing not to do was to make it a continuous "sacred song" of conventional pattern. In that form it resembled a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon or Little Bethel's notion of the Hereafter. Its failure was

due to the national vice of doping with sedative sound. The music will doubtless turn up again in the concert-room, and meet with popular success, but for the theatre it is the wrong dope.

Sir Charles Stanford's version of *The Critic* is an undoubted success, again for reasons which possess national significance. There is a certain kind of fun in which we have always excelled. It supplies the reason why, before the war, the Continental music-halls were flooded with English "turns." In their own line of business they could not be supplanted. The French adore *la blague*, and are splendid exponents of it, but we alone have the secret of *la blague à froid*. It is an accomplishment that is easily underrated by the pompous ones of the earth, but as an expression of the comic spirit it has its right of way to full recognition. Curiously enough, whilst we have always been ready to accept masterpieces of this kind as Literature with a capital L, we have been singularly loth to regard their musical equivalent as Music with a capital M. Perhaps that is the reason why our young composers do not invade a field in which it is their birthright to excel, and prefer to give us lengthy symphonic poems on the gloomiest of subjects. Maurice Ravel once confessed to me a sneaking desire to compose the music for a "tramp juggler" of the "halls." Much as I admire him, I am not entirely confident of the result, but I believe some of our young composers, if they could throw off academic earnestness, would achieve something characteristic and in keeping.

Sheridan's burlesque of a tragedy in rehearsal has this national quality at its best. Moreover, the conversion of the tragedy into an opera was not only feasible, but really desirable in order to accentuate the actuality of the scene. Drama of the type parodied here has disappeared from our recognised stage. It still flourishes in obscure places, but it is doubtful whether the class of people who are attracted by Sheridan are at all familiar with the subject of his irony. But in opera the conditions still exist. The advent of music-drama has changed nothing. The operatic tenor still barnstorms, and the operatic chorus still acts with "wonderful unanimity." At this same theatre performances and audiences alike have been taking

seriously on one evening the identical conventions which they guyed on another, when *The Critic* was performed. Hence the irony had more bite than it could possibly have had if Don Whiskerandos had merely "mouthed" his lines instead of singing them.

In the circumstances, Sir Charles Stanford had an easy task. Provided the acting was good—and it was—the irony would have told even if the opera had been set straightforwardly, as any opera destined to be taken seriously. He is indeed to be congratulated on not having gone out of his way to be funny, for his known excursions into that field, such as the *Ode to Discord*, have not exactly proved exhilarating. Instead of this he has contented himself with more or less apposite reminiscences of a playful kind. Few of these reach the lay majority of the audience, so that for practical purposes the music can be regarded as ordinary light opera. As such it is not particularly distinguished, though it proves a skilled hand. The fact is that so long as there is music, its quality really matters little. The humour would carry equally well whatever the tune, and most of Sir Charles' tunes would be equally at home in "straight" opera. This is eminently sound, for musical parody is too subtle for the theatre, and the more boisterous kind of fooling would become neither Sir Charles Stanford nor Sheridan.

The art of musical parody is extraordinarily difficult. It is usually evaded by simply grafting a familiar tune on to an equally familiar quotation from the composer to be satirised. As true parody consists in a witty exaggeration of mannerisms, it is obvious that a really clever parodist must not only have intimate knowledge of those of his victim, but his technique must enable him to go one better. For instance, in the *Ode to Discord*, of pious memory, the composer wished, among other features, to satirise the modern musician's love of a good orchestral row. But it takes a remarkable degree of proficiency to get a huge volume of sound from an orchestra. Try as he might, the parodist in this instance never succeeded in being as noisy as the object of his satire. If a cartoonist wants to caricature a man with a large nose, he makes it larger still. Here it was reduced to normal dimensions, and passed as any ordinary nose might.

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